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THE BRIDE OF AN EVENING.

A ROMANCE OF THE RAPPAHANNOCK.

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CHAPTER I.

THE SCENE OF A MYSTERY.

"Where shrinking spirit, in that bloody room,
Wrapped in the shadow of the midnight hour,
Its mortal frame doth view, with a fearless gloom,
A ghastly murder done?"

THOMAS HOOD'S HAUNTED HOUSE.

Reading, a few weeks since, one of De Quincey's papers—"Three Memorable Murders," recalled to my mind the strange circumstances of one of the most mysterious domestic dramas that ever taxed the ingenuity of man, or required the flights of time to develop.

The events occurred many years since, in a remote section of the country, and thrilled the heart of the whole community with a fearful interest.

Believing the story to be full of instruction, and knowing that the facts have never before been used to build a moral, or adorn a tale, I have collected the incidents to weave them into a narrative.

The locality of our story lies amid one of the wildest and most picturesque regions of the Old Dominion, where he head waters of the Rappahannock wash the base of the Blue Ridge.

The grim old "Capon"—Gothic, solid, and beautiful scene, where two forest-covered ranges of mountains cross each other at oblique angles.

At the interesting point of their slope stands a little Catholic chapel, called St. Andrew's Church, and around the chapel nestles a little hamlet named, from its elevated position, Altamont.

At the portal at which our story opens the four estates, in the four angles of the irregular mountain cross, were owned as follows:—

The estate farm, called Piedmont, was the life property of Madame Audenly, a Virginian lady of the old school.

The western and most valuable estate was the inheritance of Hoxton Hays, an English baronet, grand-daughter and ward of Madame Audenly.

The northern and smallest one, called, from being the highest vista of the four, Observer Hob—was the property of old Hugh Hawe, a widower of gloomy temper, gentlemanly habits, and almost fabulous wealth.

The southern farm, named from the extravagant crest of the elegant mansion-house, elaborate outbuildings, and highly ornamented grounds, which had absorbed the means of the last owner—"Paquier's Folly"—was the heavily-mortgaged patrimony of Godfrey Farquier Dulanie, the grandson of Hugh Hawe, and now a young aspirant for legal honors at the University of Virginia.

But little benefit to the heir was to be hoped from the inheritance of his father's burdened property. In the first place, old Hugh Hawe had bought up in his own name all the claims against the estate of Farquier's Folly—doubtless to prevent a foreclosure, and to save the property for his grandson.

But, unhappily, Godfrey had mortally offended the disputic old man by declining an agricultural life, and persisting in the study of a profession, of course that had resulted in his own disinheritance.

To make this punishment more bitter to his grandson, the old man had taken into favor his nephew, Dr. Henry Hawe, whom he had established near himself at Passyunk Hall.

At this time, the disinherited heir, having finished a term at the university, had come down to spend a part of his vacation in his native place.

As no habitable mansion was left standing to the proven open in the almost penniless young student, he also received "his warmest welcome in an inn."

It was upon the Saturday evening of his arrival that he found the little hotel and, indeed, the whole village of Altamont in a state of great excitement, from the fact that the celebrated beldame, Miss Honora Poole, had just arrived there, and passed through on her way home.

Godfrey had known Honora Poole as a child; but that was years ago, and her very form and features had passed from his memory; nevertheless, he at first believed, as she passed him in the inn, that the ogre around him.

Those who had been so happy as to catch a glimpse of her face, viewed with each other in gesture of her many charms, while those who had not, listened with eagerness, and looked for information to dismplying themselves by seeing her at church the next morning.

Now Godfrey Dulanie had a strong prejudice against "fine ladies," and this one formed no exception to his antipathy. He despised the vulgar ostial that expended itself upon the merely adventitious circumstances of personal beauty, great wealth, and fine dress. And all this fuss made about Honora Poole annoyed him exceedingly.

"Well," he said within himself, "to-morrow, at morning service, I too shall have an opportunity of seeing this marvelous fine lady—the heiress, beauty, muse and saint! And I shall find her a high-complexioned, expanding-eyed young woman, full of fascinating school graces and fashionable piety! She will read her prayers from a gilt-clasp book, and put a gold piece in the purse, as well all say see that she is 'saint as well as muse, beauty and heiress.' Bah! Is upon upon bitter! Is upon false shows! If ever I marry, it will be some poor girl! Oh! for my ideal heart! oh! for my gifted daughter of—tut!—my

THE ANTIQUOUS ACHAD ANNOUNCING GODFREY DULANIE'S SONORONY.

mature's queen!" thought our hero, as, half in loathing of the popular tracking to mere rank and wealth—half in opposition towards the angel of his secret visions, he sauntered out of the house and strolled towards the forest.

CHAPTER II.

OUR HEROINE.

She is a queen of noble nature's crowning,
A smile of love's in the sea at of grace;
For where she smiles a light is rather there
Of peaceful radiance, shining o'er the abstract.
Of human thought with a pervading glory,
Yet all a waking truth, nor all a dream,
A visitation bright and transitory.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

The next morning being the Sabbath, Godfrey Dulanie, who seldom absented himself from Divine service, arose early, dressed, breakfasted, and set forth upon a walk of three miles down the mountain, in other words, from Altamont to Piedmont, where flourished Grace Church, the little gothic chapel of the Episcopal parish of Overland.

Rat with sauntering, loitering, and looking for favorable points upon familiar prospects, it was late when he reached the foot of the mountain, where, in the lower skirt of the forest, stood the church.

The church-yard was filled with "conveyancies" of every description, from the coach and pair to the ox-cart, from the family carry-all to the dignified, and from the old dame's donkey to the gentleman's charger. But no human being except the black grooms, each left in charge of particularly wild horses, examined in the yard. All had passed into the church where the services had already commenced.

Godfrey Dulanie, but in haste, walked reverentially until the opening prayer was concluded, and then as reverently entered, passed up the aisle, and took his seat in a vacant side-pew at the right hand of the pulpit, where he commanded not only the preacher but the whole congregation.

And while the minister was giving out the somewhat lengthy hymn, Godfrey Dulanie naturally permitted his eyes to wander over the assembly.

It was emphatically a country congregation. There, in the lower end of the church, near the doors, and along the side walls was the quiet servants of old-fashioned men and women in coats and gowns of a style much in "good taste" a score of years before. There, about the centre of the building, were aged gentlemen and gentlewomen, thrifty matrons, and rustic belles and beaux. There, up front or up, near the pulpit, were the older and wealthier—considered "more important beings"—the aristocrats of the county.

Here, occupying the two front pews, immediately before the pulpit, were the Audenly family. From his seat at the right hand of the pulpit, Godfrey had a full view of this party.

In the pew nearest to him sat three gaily-attired and blooming girls, whose hoops and veils shrine them, as now, fashionable, filled the whole space. Those young ladies he easily identified to be his orderly girls. He narrowly scrutinized them to see if he could discover which was the great heiress, Miss Honora Poole.

All three were very pretty, according to the swaddled standard of beauty. All were tall and slender forms, white skins, pink cheeks, blue eyes, and yellow curls. They were also dressed according to the wax-doll standard of taste—in light colored berages with many flounces, and gimp bonnets, with a profusion of lowers.

With the strong family likeness among them, it was difficult to distinguish the heiress Honora Poole, from her cousins, the Misses Audenly. But at length Godfrey fixed upon the one at the upper end of the pew as Miss Poole, for the reason in the opinion in this manner—first, because her form was taller and rounder, her skin whiter, her cheeks plusher, her eye bluer, and her curls yellower than those of her companions; secondly, because her dress had more flounces and her bonnet more flowers than anybody else's; thirdly, because she occupied the place of honor at the upper end of the pew.

The longer he looked at the more he felt that this was the lady! She looked every inch the heiress, beauty, and belle—in her own estimation! She held her form erect, her head thrown back, and her eyes cast down—the very ideal of "the saint that upon humility." She held in her white kid-gloved hand a prayer-book of white velvet and gilt. This was she! thought Godfrey Dulanie, as his eyes seconds he weighed her in the balance, and found her surely "wanting."

In the next pew sat the old lady, Madame Audenly, in the black silk gown, mantle and bonnet that had been her Sunday dress for the last forty years. By her side sat her old bachelor brother, Colonel Shannon. And, near the door of the pew, sat a young female plainly dressed, whom Godfrey Dulanie had not yet particularly noticed, because she sat farthest from him, and held her head down, following the minister from the open hymn-book that lay upon her lap.

Dulanie then finished the reading of the hymn, and the organist commenced playing the prelude. The congregation arose en masse to sing.

As Godfrey Dulanie stood up, his eyes fell full upon the young girl, at the lower end of Madame Audenly's pew.

And from that moment he saw no one else in the church!

Was it merely love at first sight? Was it the quick's recognition? What was it?

The poignancy of his sensations was fulfilled! In this plainly-dressed young woman, this maid or female companion of Madame Audenly, he had found his ideal! he had recognized the concrete form of his dream of love!

All this, reader, have a fuller description of her who, at first sight, made so deep an impression upon Godfrey Dulanie, we will say that, having concluded to spend an influence, not only upon his meeting, but upon the fate of other men and of ours!

First, let me warn you that she was not near so pretty as the three young ladies in the next pew. For they were as pretty as possible, judged by the wax-doll standard of criticism. But this young girl was not so pretty as carved lines and pink, blue, yellow and white colors exactly blended could make them. And that beauty was as much exempt from dress or manner, attitude, lines and flowers as artfully arranged could exclusive of.

About our heroine there was nothing of the sort. No meretricious arts or artifices of the dressing-room disguised the handiwork of her Creator. There was no deceiled pink, lilac, yellow or white in her face.

But there was something infinitely more beautiful, attractive and potent than any mere external combination of brilliant colors could present. The noble mold of her features and expression of her countenance was the outward sign of inward beauty—a majesty of love, wisdom, goodness and power, that attracted and absorbed the soul of the spectator.

Her form was rather below the medium size, slender, well rounded, and perfectly symmetrical. Her complexion was dark, clear brunette, her hair, of the darkest shade of brown, seeming jet black, except when the sunshine brought out its warm, golden tints. Her eyes were deep, violet blue, of almost too broad and prominent, too inspirite with the power of intellect for womanly beauty, but for the perfect sweetness and meekness of spirit about them. Her features of the face, the eyebrows were dark, well marked, and slightly arched; her eyes were fringed with long, silky lashes of the same color. Her dress was plain, but neat, and well fitting, and her whole appearance was fully overshadowed by the prominent bonnet, drooping hat, and long, close lashes; but now one straight and well defined, her chin well rounded, and her lips beautifully carved and gently compressed.

Some faces that are perfectly charming in feature when,

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his large, tent-like umbrella, and offering his arm to his invited guest.

With a bow of thanks Godfrey came under the shelter, and they took their way towards the parsonage.

Now, then, was an opportunity of learning the cause and circumstances of the unknown girl. But the rain was now falling fast, the wind was blowing, the path was rough, and conversation was difficult, so Godfrey, with a sigh at the delay, contented the hearty of hearing of his beloved, until he could enjoy it under the shelter of Mr. Willoughby's pretty cottage roof.

CHAPTER III.

THE LOST.

He had a kindred being sought,
Had objects to embrace with human care,
For that true, natural, woman soul
Among the bright and fair
He could not rest, for felt he there
One such he had created.
Whom mankind would in ignorance
Do but not meekly wished.

Mrs. Hemans.

They got into the parsonage before the storm fully burst. Mr. Willoughby opened the left side door, and showed his guest into the parlor.

The room was empty.

"Where is your young mistress, Peggy? inquired the pastor of the fat little maid who came to take his hat and umbrella.

"Here goes an entire bevy of Miss Honora Paul, sir," replied Peggy.

"Miss Honora Paule! She here?" exclaimed the minister, in surprise, rather.

"Yes, master. She done run in here out'n de rain, an' gone up stairs to change her shoes an' her bonnet."

Mr. Dalmis, since there are ladies in the case, perhaps you would like to go to my room and arrange your toilet," said the minister, smiling.

"I am a little disheveled, certainly," replied Godfrey, running his fingers through his disordered locks of jet black hair. And he arose to follow his kind host, who led him across the hall to an opposite chamber on the same floor. Here he found a washstand, dressing-table, and their several appointments.

Godfrey washed his face, combed his hair, brushed the rain-drops from his clothes, drew down his vest, pulled up his collar, arranged his cuffs, etc., etc., etc., and declared himself prepared to wait upon the ladies. Then he took a low seat, and endeavored to have to sit all the evening and do the agreeable to that superfine belle, Miss Honora Paule.

The minister, who had followed Godfrey's example in attending to his toilet, and who was now quite ready, opened the door, and attended his guest back to the parlor.

As they entered the room, Mrs. Willoughby sprang up, and hastened to meet and welcome her unexpected guest.

But even while she was shaking hands with him, and he was gallantly expressing his pleasure in being thus forced to take up his quarters at the parsonage for the evening, he caught a glimpse of another figure seated by the window, the sight of whom made his heart bound, and his brain reel. And while the scene was still revolving before him, and while he still believed that magic to be an actual illusion—the great creature rose from her chair, and, with a gentle, graceful movement, came forward to be introduced to him.

"Miss Honora Paule, permit me to present to you Mr. Godfrey Dalmis. Mr. Dalmis, Miss Paule," and before Godfrey had time to recover from his astonishment, the unknown girl, unknown now no longer, arose and placed her hand in his and said, with the sweetest smile, and in the sweetest tones:

"I am very happy to meet you, sir. I have not forgotten my old, old playmate, although Mr. Dalmis has evidently forgotten Honora Paule!"

Godfrey Dalmis bowed deeply over the hand she had given him, and as he reverently replaced it, and placed himself at her side, he replied—

"Miss Paule possesses a brilliancy of beauty and quaintness that the proprietor usually possesses the friends has forced her to forget."

"Fortune! She is a heedless goddess. I do not fall down and worship her," answered Honora, with sweet dignity.

Some friendsuds look like thrones!
Here looked such as one were!

Mr. Dalmis bowed in deference to her remark. He could not yet scarcely trust himself to speak again. A host of bewildering impressions crowded upon him. The first, the most painful of these, was the sense of an overwhelming catastrophe—his great castle in the air falling down upon his head, and crushing all his hopes down to the dust.

His "queen consort" in one moment found and lost!

Here before him was the ideal of his soul—the darkest of his hair—the delight of his eyes! And no equal of his own in human fortune! No daughter of the people was she, whom he could seek to find struggling beside him, up into step and rugged ascent! but the great, accepted celebrity of the country—a lauded heiress, to whose lofty alliance only men of the highest rank, fortune, and distinction might dare to aspire.

And he him, a poor stranger at law, to present to the hand of Honora Paule would seem presumptuous, necessary, mad, indeed, were he not also, traveling backward through the past to pause upon the one bright moment of his early day festival he had danced with Honora Paule. She was then a child of six years of age, he a boy of twelve. Yet she had remembered him, while he had totally forgotten her—but that was natural, for doubtless he had changed, and she had not.

Not long lingered his mind on the past; it was scarcely back in the painful present to dwell amid the fragments of his shattered dream.

Alas! she was not for him to worship; or will might be here bright fancy, the calm queen of his heart, and hope to bring her down to the level of sense, so to think of Honora Paule, with the reverence with which he had thought of her when he called her by his side. Honor, all that sounds, and conquer the infatuation that had taken possession of him.

This storm of thought, feeling and conclusion hurried through his mind in less time than that he stood listening and replying to Miss Paule.

And before it became absolutely necessary for him to force himself to speak again, they were joined by Mr. and Mrs. Willoughby and Ernest Heine, the brother of Mrs. Willoughby, a dashed and darkened young man, with a highly intellectual and somewhat melancholy expression of countenance, and grave and thoughtful manners and conversation—and every one said—was even more adapted than his brother to the discharge of a clergyman's duties.

Mr. Willoughby brought him up to the group, and after both gentlemen had paid their respects to Miss Paule, the former presented the latter to his guest—for the following quaint style:

"Mr. Dalmis, allow me to introduce to your favorable notice my brother-in-law, a young student of medicine, under Doctor Henry Howe, and a gentleman whose questionable latitude forms a note of interrogation."

"Eh?" said Godfrey, looking up from his reverie, in some embarrassment, not understanding to whom he was spoken.

"Exactly," H. H.?" Ernest Heine! Mr. Dalmis, Mr. Heine."

Godfrey arose, bowed, and sat down again, in augmented bitterness of spirit. He had recognized in Mr. Heine the young gentleman, who at the village inn had spoken with so much enthusiasm of Miss Paule. He saw him take the seat on her other side, and at once with the air of an old friend enter into conversation with her. And the pangs of jealousy were added to those of desponding love. To make matters worse, Mr. Willoughby drew him to a window, and, as he sat down, no longer have the tantalizing pleasure of listening to her voice in tete-a-tete with his supposed rival.

But his quarantine was not long his misery, and did he perceive it?

He was almost tempted to believe so, for through his covert glances, he noticed that her eyes were frequently turned scanned in his; and in the meeting her eyes, she slightly flushed; and when after, with a bow and smile, she terminated her tete-a-tete, and moving apart, addressed a remark to Mr. Willoughby, which opened a discussion, through which the conversation became general.

It was now that the light of her glorious soul beamed forth.

The subject under debate was the fashionable prevalence of social evil, and the inefficacy of legal statutes to prevent crime. She was a young woman, with their doubtful tendencies, were considered. Capital punishment for murder, and the total question of its abolishment, was discussed.

Mr. and Mrs. Willoughby took the cautious, conservative view.

Miss Paule assumed a more enlightened, liberal and humane position.

Mr. Willoughby said—law, unchanged, unorganized, was worse than none. Laws were complex, brutality and violence would only be governed by fear—by that fear of punishment, which was supposed to properly fear of the gallows, the best protective of life; fear of consequences generally the best preventive of crime, etc., etc., etc.

Godfrey Dalmis listened to the minister's words but looked, in the meantime, at Honora Paule. A grave upon his vision as the face of a young archangel's might be upon that of a mortal. Her large eyes, fixed intently on the speaker, glowed like two luminous stars; a soft flush reddened her cheek; her lips as if touched with fire, burned and glowed and quivered with the utterance that would not be repressed. And as she, at last, impetuously ceased, she replied.

Honora said that punishment was retaliation; retaliation was vengeance; and vengeance, the offspring of hate and fear, whence no good could ever come. That for her the terrors of death and pensions—the basest to feel to ourselves, the basest to appeal to others, were not the proper motives for the safety of life and property that instigated us to act upon them. That the highest and truest preservation of those treasures; that as fear was the worst motive, so force was the worst means; that the treatment of crime was the worst of all. The doctrine, but reformatory, should not seek to crush into the vice, but to raise the criminal. Heaven on earth, as in heaven, was—Faith as opposed to fear—Good as opposed to evil—Love and peace as opposed to Hate—eternal, omniscient, omnipresent love.

Honora spoke warmly, earnestly, enthusiastically, light streaming from her eyes, color burning on her cheek, as she spoke of the principle of love.

Godfrey watched her, wondering no longer that people called her most beautiful, for her strongly characterized spirit seemed to shine out from its high spiritual beauty of which the most classic regularity of feature could not have been susceptible. For how could the "form divine" of "the perfect soul" of "the world-renowned statue," the Medicean Venus, compare with the living, breathing soul of Her. Or the fair-haired black eyes of the Arabian girls, with their deeply repressed passion, and unwilling, compare with her clear, brilliant gray eyes, with their sudden brightnesses and varying shades that truly reflected every shade of thought or feeling? Or how could the settled bloom of any person's complexion compare with the living, glowing color of her cheek with its sudden flushes of electric fire? Those were the only two qualities of the animal—the lower's questions, as his eyes, and heart and soul hung entranced upon her countenance? Perhaps the unconscious fondness of his regard magnetized her attention, for she turned and met the eyes of Godfrey Dalmis. And then, with a consciousness blushed deeply at having been so far drawn out in debate, and hastily arose.

"You must all receive Miss Paule's views, especially upon the subject of capital punishment, with a degree of allowance. Miss Honora has a very vivid interest in having the death penalty abolished," he said, with a smile, as he arose to his feet.

But to the astonishment of Godfrey, Honora turned deadly pale, compressed her lips and clinched her hands as if compelling down some rising and all overwhelming feeling.

Mr. Dalmis guessing that the minister had some sudden, unpleasant, and unknown cause for these effects by laughingly saying—

"Take no alarm, Miss Paule, your interest in having capital punishment abolished—Miss Paule, do you believe in astrology?"

Honora smiled, fixed her eyes intently upon the questioner, and then withdrawing them answered—

"I do not know. But things and men there are Heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy. If we are to judge, however, by the fury, there are many recorded testimonies to the truth of astrology. And I do not reject a science that has been received and honored in all ages."

"When you hear Honora Paule talk in that style, I would advise you to look out for a visit from Doctor Johnson believed in ghosts!" said Mr. Willoughby.

Without heeding this remark, Miss Paule turned to Mr. Dalmis and said—

"Sir, why did you ask me if I believed in astrology?"

"Because, Miss Paule, I was about to relate for your amusement a prediction that was made concerning myself, by a professor of that black art."

"A prediction?" exclaimed Mrs. Willoughby, drawing near, with eager interest.

"Yes, madam," replied Mr. Dalmis, smiling, a prediction which I have never before related and dipsee me to favor the abolishment of the death penalty?"

Honora was listening, her chin resting upon her hand, her eyes fixed upon his face, in earnest attention.

"Miss Paule, you do not probably recollect the Arabian Doctor, Ashbad, who, some years ago, attended by an interpreter, traveled through the country, raising horoscopes, exposing the past, revealing the present and predicting the future?"

"Oh yes! I do!" exclaimed Honora, in a low and thrilling tone that caused Mr. Dalmis to look from her to her friends in surprise and inquiry.

"She has good reason to remember the Doctor Ashbad," said Mr. Willoughby, replying to his look.

"He cast your horoscope, possibly?" observed Mr. Dalmis, turning to Miss Paule.

"He did; but go on with your story, Mr. Dalmis," replied Honora, without relaxing her fixed and silent position.

CHAPTER IV.

THE ASTROLOGER'S PREDICTION.

Listen, gentle lady, now
I sing a tale that startled my love.

"My story," replied Godfrey Dalmis, "is short but very singular. Three years since, while I was residing in the city of Richmond, in the city of Richmond, on my way to the University, I chanced to hear of the Egyptian Dervis, Ashbad, who was at that time creating quite a sensation in the city. His wonderful reputation was the theme of every tongue.

"Idleness and curiosity combined to lead me to frequently attend his levees. I was present at one of his obscure lodging-house in a back street, and where I found a leader-colored old gentleman, in a turban and white burkan, and an ample, flowing black robe, bound around his waist with a white sash, and barefooted, and the sweeping skirts with the sign of the zodiac in white. This was the Egyptian Arabian Doctor.

"Some sober Yankee actor," suggested Mr. Willoughby.

"Not if he had the unmistakeable Egyptian features. Impostor he might have been! Yankee he could not have been!

"Well, sir! well! the astrologer—?" inquired Honora, who was eagerly listening.

"Well, Miss Paule, this old man, this self-styled astrologer, I found with appropriate surroundings—a mean garret room, with a dirty bed, a broken chair and blacks; stills, crucibles and sandstone occupied the floor. Old books, worm-eaten, probably blades, and charts of unknown figures—profoundly learned—unintelligible to me, were scattered around. The old man was a large circle of wood painted black and set up perpendicularly in the middle of the floor, like a huge, rough hoop, and covered with mystic figures drawn in white. He looked, in the midst of his strange circle, as if he was a large mystic mirror.

"The only personal attendant of the old astrologer was the French interpreter.

"I made known my business, whereupon he put me through a preliminary degree of questioning to mention, and then began to unroll my whole life to me!

"He told me first of the past, of the loss of my mother, my father, and then of my home.

"He told me that I had been living on, that he saw 'alone' written legibly upon my brow, and then he told me that he saw the home I had left and come thither to inquire of the past, which was well to appeal to me, that he saw the cause why I was ignorant.

"Revenge he replied is a night to cast my horoscope. He demanded, and I gave him, the day and hour of my birth, and then I took leave, with the promise to return in a week. The next day I went—"

"Questioned Honora, earnestly.

"My horoscope was a hieroglyphic indeed! It was—Good or evil, something 'alone,' and a sharp and sudden death!"

"Good Heaven! But—the details?"

"It prophesied four remarkable events, the first of which has already come to pass."

"And that was—"

"The loss of my patrimonial estate?"

"Your patrimonial estate!" repeated Mr. Willoughby, as he arose and joined his wife and brother-in-law, who had left the room together.

"I thought so when the prophecy was fulfilled," replied Godfrey.

"And the other three events?" softly inquired Honora.

"The other three events, if they follow as predicted, must happen within the next two years, or else, which the astrologer reported as impossible, the first of these is to be the unexpected inheritance of vast wealth."

"Then hearing this, a bright smile played around the lips of Honora, and banished the clouds from her brow, and she seemed to have ceased to be interested in the subject, and to wish the debate to proceed, but feeling that he continued silent, she said—

"Well, Mr. Dalmis, go on! what was the third prediction?"

"Do you command me to inform you?"

"No, sir; I beg you, of your courtesy, to do so."

"Very well," he said, dropping his voice to a low pathetic tone, that was for her ear alone, "for the woman I should worship."

A deep vivid blush suffused the bright smile that a moment before had been a variable face. There was a pause broken at length by her voice, as she gently said—

"And the fourth?"

He made answer more reluctantly and in tones so low as to meet only her ear.

"The fourth and last prediction was, that before my wedding day, I should perish on the scaffold."

A low cry broke from the lips of Honora as her hands fell upon her breast. She turned for a minute or two, she dropped them, and looking him steadily in the face, said with quiet composure—

"You doubtless wonder at my emotion. Now hear me. On the autumn following the summer in which before my prediction was made, I was born in Baltimore with my grandmother, and with Mrs. Willoughby, who was then Miss Heine. Every body took us to the rooms of the Egyptian, who was then residing in that city. And after some mystic preparations as he had used in your case, he cast my horoscope and read my future. It was this, but I believe you have not understood it. It was a terrible but never a wife, for that the fatal form of the I would destroy him—a husband's bridal bed the bridal chamber. Such were the words of the prophecy! But the spirit with a solemnity that seemed to overshadow every other feeling.

There was a pause, interrupted at length by Godfrey Dalmis, in a voice of more than its particle of relaxed, empired—

"Your answer to my question of Miss Paule's intellectual power and, above all, of her Christian faith, can never for an instant give serious credence to such a heathen superstition."

Immediately after making this presumptuous speech, Mr. Dalmis regretted it, for he could not have given offence, and he turned with anxiety to note its effect upon Miss Paule.

But Honora had no mortal sufferer to be so easily affronted. Her brilliant eyes were fixed upon him with an expression of confidence, respect and gratitude, as she bowed her head and replied—

"You think this a weakness, and I thank you for thinking so, since that you do—"

"Miss Paule, I do beseech you, pardon me!"

"Pardon! I said I thanked you, and I really do! pray always speak to me with the same frankness. To return to our first subject. I know not really what quantity or quality of belief I accord to this wandering astrologer. Phrenologists give me credit for originality, marvelousness and veneration—them go to form a very grand reverence for the spiritual and supernatural—"

"But your reason, Miss Paule, should arm you against such superstition—pardon me! Again I am presuming."

"No, you are not. And my reason does not arm me against it, because only reason can that I should not reject a science because I cannot comprehend it. And my reading teaches me that the Egyptians claim to be the last depositaries of the last act of foretelling the future, and that the frequent fulfillment of their predictions are on record. As regards myself, Mr. Dalmis, I confess to you, that a vague of faith and reason, this dark prophecy sometimes overshadows my spirit."

"I wonder at that."

"Aye—in my most devotional hours, and in my gayest moments, the memory of this prediction, like a black wing of a fiend, suddenly sweeps down upon me, changing all my brightness and gayety into horror and terror."

"The monstrosities! They should not be suffered to be thrust out and down the country, scattering their seeds of misery, and—"

"Taking captive the ears of foolish women, you would say."

"Say—I would say nothing so arrogant."

"Indeed, Miss Paule, with a solicitude to set herself right in his opinion, which was "excessive without flattery in the heart of her companion, "that much I must speak in self-defence—that, had the prediction of which I speak involved only my own life—and that is the value of life—Miss Paule must die then prematurely and ignominiously—I would, I trust, look forward to it, and to its fate, nor shudder to meet it when it comes! But when I think that I must selfishly sacrifice with me some fortitude that can see a friend suffer; when I think that I must selfishly sacrifice with me some fortitude that can see a friend suffer; when I see die with more fortitude than one we can see another die, and that I shall abandon the friends I should have foretold me of one whom I was unfortunately to love—"

She paused and then exclaimed—"But this is very culpable weakness! I, in the gathering of a few gloomy evening that so oppresses my spirits—it can be nothing else. God vulgar and I appeal to the intelligence of the company, if I am not a point protection?"

Then shaking off the shadow from her brow, and speaking with bright cheerfulness, she called to her—

"Mr. Willoughby, how goes the night? Will there be a probability of my returning home this evening?"

The minister, who, with his wife and brother-in-law, formed a little self-constituted audience upon Sunday schools, now spoke up in reply—

"Miss Honora, hearken to that! Now! No living creature will have my roof to-night for any hoarse whatever, except it be stout Peter, whom I shall send to the city with a note to your friends of your whereabouts!"

"Thank you, Mr. Willoughby. You are aware that I never carry on a contest, at the end of which I am sure of defeat! I yield myself your captive and Heaven's guilty."

Godfrey Dalmis arose and walked to the window, to hide the deep flush that rose in his cheek. Willoughby, whom he addressed—

"Mr. Willoughby, notwithstanding the state of the weather, that I shall be under the necessity of bidding you a hasty adieu."

"Mr. Dalmis! I promise you heard the declaration I addressed to Miss Paule, and which was equally applicable to yourself, and made to my brother Ernest here. Likewise, I suppose you are sufficiently well acquainted with these surroundings to know that it will be impossible for you to set out in the midst of the storm and darkness. I suppose that no urgent business calls you to Albemarle, however, than to chat rule?" said the minister, triumphantly.

The rain was indeed increasing, and beating with violence against the house. There was no escaping it. Still, however, Godfrey hesitated. He had his scruples. He had business to attend to.

Light were then brought in, and Mrs. Willoughby went out to give orders for tea, which was soon served.

After supper, when the company were re-seated in the parlor, Mrs. Willoughby exclaimed—

"Come, Miss Paule, we cannot let the opportunity of your presence this evening pass unimproved. The storm has lulled. I know you will favor us with some of Handyle or Beethoven's grand themes!" and ruling, he took the hand of Honora, and led her to the organ, that, instead of a piano, stood in the minister's parlor.

Without stooping to say of the insincere apology that was offered for the request, Honora rose, and Miss Paule seated herself before the organ, and struck a prelude, a solemn, commanding air, and solemn prelude, and then with her voice strode into the sublime strain of—

"Hail to the sun! Solemnor Heath."

Not a whisper was uttered, scarcely a breath was drawn, while the rich voice of the artist swelled upon the air.

The voice of the musician was a rich double contralto of surpassing depth and compass. She sang with a perfect self-surrender, pouring her whole soul into it.

Her head was raised, her dark hair swept back from her brow, and from eyes upturned to the stars as the anthem ascended, how glorious with heavenly inspiration! How that head white forehead, and beautiful with dauntless faith and devotion eyes!

But the whole length of the piece, she held her audience spell-bound in celestial trance.

At the last note, however, while her fingers lingered on the keys, and her eyes soared aloft, the gentle silence that continued was the truest and most fitting tribute to the effect of her performance.

She was the first to recover from the spell that had both created and shrived. Quickly rising, she left the instrument and crossed the room to her own seat upon the sofa.

"That was magnificent!" exclaimed Mr. Heine, breaking the charm. "I doubt if the great work of the great master was ever more beautifully rendered."

"Yes, her performance of sacred anthems is admirable. And what is more, her skill is altogether the triumph of mind over matter; her voice is made one, the effect of cultivation, not the gift of nature."

"What! those magnificent tones that filled all the air, that thrilled our hearts like a charge of electricity, those rich, deep, thrilling, thunderous tones—"

"Were Honora's own creation. Her natural voice was a falsetto. But her soul was full of music as a storm cloud of electricity, and with years of persevering toil and study she prepared the thrilling utterances. You see the result."

Then these two gentlemen talked apart, Godfrey Dalmis approached, and seated himself near Honora Paule. He had no word at all of commonplace compliment to pay her. His thoughts were above all praise—to have offered such a tribute would have been impertinent. But he might at least enter thanks.

In common with your friends, I am much indebted to you for a profound enjoyment, Miss Paule," he said.

"I am very happy in having pleased you, sir. You prefer sacred music, I imagine?"

"I do, much above every other sort."

"And so do I. I think the highest powers in music can only be drawn out in the praise of God; it is in singing the praises of the best perfectly conceived for that service."

Godfrey bowed profoundly.

"It must be so," he said, "though this thought had not occurred to me."

Then again they were launched into a tete-a-tete, which lasted until the social circle broke up for the night.

Then, with a "good night" that fell like a benediction, Honora Paule withdrew under the charge of Mrs. Willoughby.

Ernest Heine knew where to find your bed," said the clergyman, putting a night lamp into the hands of his brother-in-law, who received it, and left the room with a bow to the host.

"And now, Sir Knight of the Awful Brow, I am at your command," said Mr. Willoughby, taking up the remaining taper to attend his last guest.

With a nod of assent Mr. Dalmis followed his host across the hall, to the chamber to which he had been first introduced.

"Good night, gentlemen. There is your bell. If anything is wanted, ring an alarum. Sleep soundly. Dream pleasantly of the fair young lady of Honora Paule, for that would be 'Love's Latter Lost' with a vengeance!"

Good night!" and saying the light-hearted host withdrew, and left the guest alone.

"Not dream of Honora Paule." Would he ever dream of anything else by night? Would he ever think he could of anything else by day? He scarcely knew her twelve hours; yet in that time, from the moment of her first appearance, when the dazzled deep draughts of love, that seemed to have changed into his whole personality and being.

"Not dream of Honora Paule," indeed! Why, henceforth she possessed him like an inspiring angel, like a spirit of light, that should make his heart, thought within his brain—in a word, lived and breathed. No! he would not dream of her, he ordered fate again, after the next morning; but henceforth and forever, he felt that his soul was filled with her love.

For some time sleep was impossible; for though he closed his eyes and kept them closed, still with her ample white forehead, her dark hair swept back from it, her large eyes, penetrating and luminous, most expressive eyes, now soaring to the heavens in an upward flight, now dropped upon the face of her friend with such penetrating study, now looking for some wondrous truth or beauty in the distant bottom of Willoughby's pond. Long after all the rest of the household were asleep, Godfrey Dalmis lay awake, thinking of the beauty of Honora Paule.

He was consequently late in the morning when he awoke. Aware of the early hours kept at country houses, he arose, and rang his bell.

Peggy, the fat maid, in little colored waiter Flight, who brought him his well cleaned boots, and supplied him with hot water.

He made a hasty but careful toilet.

And then he left the chamber and went into the parlor, where he found Mr. and Mrs. Willoughby, and Mr. Heine, awaiting him.

They saluted him kindly, and looked anxiously around for another desired presence.

But Honora was not yet visible.

At a signal from the pastor all sat down for the meal, and Godfrey found himself seated between Peggy. But Godfrey Dalmis did not derive much benefit from the exercise.

"Do you like your chine and sour
A lady's voice was in his ear,
And that lady's name was Honor!"

The chapter finished, they all knelt down. Why did not she come?

Perhaps she was late with her toilet—yet that was no simple fact. It was there Godfrey went to wait for her. Such were his thoughts while wandering from his devotion, he watched the door.

But it was not to be opened by her hand all arisen from their knees, Mrs. Willoughby smilingly announced that Honora Paule had led the way to the dining room.

"Then they will not do down without their guest!" he said.

"I hope Miss Paule will come down this morning!"

"Very well, as always! She has fitted!"

"Fitted!"

"Come, departed, vanished!"

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

WHAT ARE DEAR.

Among the various methods of science is a false moveable eye, warranted to open and shut, squint, stare, wink, cry, and perform all the other functions of the real eye, and to look quite natural. Unfortunately, the inventor cannot promise that the false eye may not be taken out by mistake, and that looking at matters with a false eye is a very common practice. Ingenuity certainly goes a very great way in these days in supplying by means of objects of art, the deficiencies of nature. We cannot look at a single object without being shocked the medium of a conspicuous placard, that there is "Pilules to be had here." We are used to see help taking it into our heads there is, for our own locks give the wilds fits to the fattening announcement. But we never yet saw a man so unmanned by grief as to sons emporium, and have our poor old head placed in some gallery of fame with this inscription. We should be almost anything to render ourselves agreeable to the public, but we have not yet been prepared to dye for it. Besides, we have seen specimens on some of our female friends, and we have great objections to a painted face, and hair, which is the usual consequence of an attempt to turn gray hair of the natural bottom of Willoughby's pond. We should like to see the experiment tried of how far the fun we may be made to supercede the true, if that decided master of fate, Time, would allow it. Long and arms may be, and are, replaced by artificial means; teeth, hair, and eyes are to be supplied singly or by the set; and who knows how many people we should find with false tongues, false hearts, and wooden heads, if we had but an opportunity of detecting them? We mentioned it in the section of false eyes we see accordingly, and hard to real-in.

An Old Man

THE RUSTIC PAINTER.

BY ALICE CARY.

His sheep soon tilly over the hills—
  Hey down and up—
As he sat and painted his sweetheart's face
  On a little ivory cup.

All round him rose up to the green
  That was barely out of buds;
For sake of her mouth and cheek, I know
  He had scattered them in the woods.

The sun, that good little housekeeper,
  Was at his every stint;
And you can understand of a painter—
  Was all of his rosiest.

And the golden-necked gentlemen
  That travels in the air,
Hummed just as sweet to the clover-buds
  As to his joyous sheep.

The while for his ivory cup he made
  An emblem of his love,
And painted his little sweetheart's face
  Truly and tenderly.

Thus we are making us all our work,
  Whatever we have of grace;
As the rustic painted his ivory cup,
  With his little sweetheart's face.

"DOWN HILL."

A LIFE PICTURE.

BY STEARNS COBB, JR.

Not long since I had occasion to visit one of our courts, and while conversing with a legal friend I heard the name of JOHN ANDERSON called.

"There is hard case," remarked my friend.

I looked upon the man in the prisoner's dock. He was standing up, and he plainly guilty of the crime of Theft. He was a tall man, but bent and infirm, though old. His garb was very poor, coarse and filthy; his face all bloated and bloodshot; his hair matted with dirt; and his bowed form quivering with delirium. Certainly it never was a more pitiable object. Surely that man was not born a villain. It moved my place to obtain a fuller view of his face. He saw my movement, and he turned his head. He gazed upon me a slight while, and then, covering his face with his hands, he sank powerless into his seat.

"Good God!" I involuntarily ejaculated, starting forward. "WILL——"

I had spoken his first name when he quickly raised his head and cast upon me a look of such imploring appeal that my tongue refused to utter. Then he covered his face again. I asked my legal occupation of the prisoner had counsel. He said no. Then I told him to do all in his power for the poor fellow's benefit, and I would pay him. He promised, and I left. I could not remain after that man tried. Tears came to my eyes as I gazed upon him, and it was not until I reached the street and walked some distance that I could breathe freely.

JOHN ANDERSON! Alas! he was attained to be known as his mother's son! That was not his name; but you shall know him by it, for you will call him by the name that now stands upon the records of the court.

John Anderson was my school-mate; and it was not many ago—not many years twenty—that we left our academy together—he to return to the home of wealthy parents; I to sit down in the dreary sanctum of a newspaper office for a few years, and then wander off across the ocean. I was gone some four years, and when I returned he had taken a married man. His father was dead and had left his only son a fortune of twenty thousand.

"AH, C——," he said to me, as he met me at the station, "you shall see what a kind I have caged. My Ellen is a lark—a robin—a very princess of all birds that ever looked beautiful or sang cheerily!"

He was enthusiastic, but not mistaken, for I found his wife all he had described. Handsome by the purest. She was truly one of the most beautiful women I ever saw. And so good, so loving and so kind. Ay,—she so loved John that she really loved all his friends. What more could any friend wish a wife. And what a lucky woman to find such a husband; for John Anderson was as handsome as she. Tall, straight, and well built, a face with rich chestnut curls, and a face as faultlessly noble and beautiful as ever sculptor copied. He was a good, noble man, and I was proud of him.

I spent a week with them, and I was happy all the while. John's mother lived with them—a fine old lady as ever breathed, and making herself content with pride in claiming her son her "darling Boy," as she always called him. I gave her an account of my adventures by sea and land in foreign climes, and she kissed me when I left. She said she'd send me because I loved her "darling."

I did not see John again for four years. I resided in Boston, and he in Chicago. I sent him a letter, but his wife and mother were there to receive me, and two curly-headed boys were at my shoot. Ellen's clair. I knew at once they were my friend's children. Brown, strong second Johns; and I was glad there were sobel and asleep, and then I could see that Ellen became troubled. She tried to hide it, but a face so dear to the soul-eye of a person could not wear a cloud concealed.

At length John came. His face was flushed, and his eye looked inflamed. He grasped my hand with a hand—cold—and then kissed his wife. "Old Dog," said I must come and live with him, and many other extravagant things. His wife bled to death when, with a sudden shock her head and said—

"Hush! dear those wild oats soon. My darling never can be a bad man."

"God grant it!" I thought to myself; and I knew the same prayer was upon Ellen's lips.

It was late when we retired, and we might not have done so then had not John fallen asleep in his chair.

"Oh," said he, with a laugh, "that was nothing. Only a little wine-party. We had a glorious time. I wish you had been there."

At first I thought I would say no more; but was it not my duty? I knew his course better than he knew it himself. His appetites and pleasures touched his own vision. I knew that God and conscience he was—alas! too large—too generous!

"John, could you have seen Ellen's face last evening you would have trembled. Can you smoke her unhappy?" He stopped me with—

"Don't be a fool! Why should she be unhappy?"

"Because she fears you are going down fast," I told him.

"Did she, my so?" he asked, with a flushed face.

"No—I read it in her looks."

"Perhaps a reflection of your own thoughts," he suggested.

"I surely thought so when you came home," I replied.

Never can I forget the look he gave me then—so full of reproof, of surprise, and of pain.

"C——, I forgive you, for I know you to be my friend; but never speak to me again like that. I going down hill! You know better. That can never be. I know my own power. I know my own wants. My mother knows me better than Ellen does."

Ah—had that mother been as wise as she was loving, she would have seen that she "will cats" which her son was serving would surely grow up and ripen, only to furnish seed for re-sowing! But she loved him—loved him almost too well—or, I should say—too blindly.

But I could say no more. I only prayed that God would guard him; and then we conversed upon other subjects. I could spend but one day with him, like an unwelcomed correspondent.

Three years more passed, during which John Anderson wrote to me at least once a month, and sometimes oftener; but at the end of that time his letters ceased coming, and I received no more for two years, when a friend found myself in his native town. It was early in the afternoon when I arrived, and I took dinner at the hotel.

I had finished my meal, and was lounging in front of the hotel, when I saw a funeral procession winding into a distant church-yard. I asked the landlord whose funeral it was.

"Mrs. Anderson's," he said, and as he spoke, I noticed a slight drooping of the head, as though it cut him to say so.

"What—John Anderson's wife?"

"Yes," he replied. "It is his mother i", and he said this he turned away; but a gentleman who stood near, and had overheard our conversation, at once took up the theme.

"Our best don't seem inclined to converse upon that subject," he remarked, with a shrug of the shoulders. "Did you ever know John Anderson?"

"He was my school-mate in boyhood, and my bosom friend in youth," I told him.

He led me one side, and spoke as follows:

"Poor John! He was the pride of this town six years ago. He was then a fine, noble man in time, and sought custom by giving wine suppers. John was present at one of them, and got drunk for the guy, and the most generous of the party, that, he paid for nearly every one of them. The habit began to go down hill. He was often seen down over sizes. At times true friends have persuaded him to stop; but he has never stayed a short duration. A short season of sunshine would gleam upon his home, and then he would drink more dark and drear than before. He said he would never get drunk again; yet he would only be a *glass or one* and a *friend*. That was the way he was but the gain that let in the flood. Six years ago he was worth a handsome property. To-day he borrowed fifty dollars of me—his mother's financial expenses! That poor woman has pined long as she could. She saw her son—her 'DARLING' Boy,' she always called him—brought home drunk many times, and—let me here draw a veil. Why do she's at rest now! Her 'DARLING' over her life and her grave. God grant that she may sleep calmly!"

I hope the man spoke the truth. The ball I had put into her chest began to oil; she rocked away from many times, and—let me here draw a veil. Why do she's at rest now! Her 'DARLING' over her life and her grave. God grant that she may sleep calmly!

"But his wife?" I said.

"Her bravely love has held her up thus far, but she is only a shadow of the wife that blessed his home six years ago."

"Dear C——, don't say a word of the past," John urged, taking my hand a second time. "I know you spoke the truth to me five years ago. It was *going down hill!* But I've gone as far as I step here at the foot. Everything is gone but my wife. I have seven, and my cash shall be kept. Ellen and I are going to be happy yet."

The poor fellow burst into tears here. His wife was dead, and I kept them company. I could not help crying like a child. My God, what a sight! The once noble, true man, the friend, become a mere broken glass. He had fragment out reflecting the image it once bore!—a poor apology at the feet of Bacchus, and I was glad of warmth for the hearts of himself and wife! And how I pitied and loved that woman—how could I love him still! Oh! I hoped—aye, more than hoped—I believed—as we would in a child, in a gospel upon that wife—so trusting, so loving, so true, and so hopeful still, even in the midst of living death—I prayed more fervently for her; I recognized before that God would hold him up—keep him—lead him back to the top of the hill.

In the morning I saw the children—grown to two intelligent boys now—and during my visit I was pale and wan, yet they smiled and seemed happy when their father kissed them. When I went away John took me up the road, and the tears were in his mild, were—

"Good-bye, Charley. Believe me now. I will be a MAN henceforth while life lasts!"

A little over two years more had passed, when I read in a newspaper the death of ELLEN ANDERSON. I started for the town where they had lived to see the grave, for I might help—some way—a mournful presentiment had possessed my mind.

I stopped at the stately home where they had dwelt, but strangers occupied it.

"Where is John Anderson?" I asked.

"Don't know, I'm sure. He's been gone three months. His wife died in the mad-house last week."

"And the children?"

"O—they both died before she did!"

I staggered back, and hurried from the place. I hardly knew which way I went, but hastened but to the church-yard. I found the grave of Ellen, and had been made in three years. The mother, the wife, and two children slept in death.

"And what has done this?" I asked myself. And a voice answered from the lonely dwelling-place—

"For Dinner or the wine-stain!"

But this was not all the wine did. No, no. The next I saw—O, God!—was the more terrible! I saw it in the court-house. But that was not the last—not the last!

I saw my legal friend on the day following the trial. He said John Anderson was in prison. I hastened to see him. The turnkey conducted me to his cell—the key turned in the huge lock—the ponderous door swung with a sharp creak upon its hinges—and I saw—I shall body suspended by the neck from a grating of the window! I looked at the horrible face—I could see nothing of John Anderson there—but the face I had seen in the court-room was sufficient to connect the two; and I knew that this was all that was left on earth of him whom I had loved so well!

And this was the last of the Downs's work—the last act in the terrible drama! Ah—from the first sparkle of the red wine it had been down—down—down—until the foot of the hill had been finally reached!

When I turned away from that cell, and once more walked amid the flashing sidesas and revelers, I walked that my voice had power to thunder the life-story of which I had been a witness into the ears of all living men!

A STRIKING ADVENTURE.

Intelligence was sent to me, while a celebrated traveler, that a figure I had followed up for two or three days, having wounded her slightly in the leg, had come to a stop, and was now in a cave, went about twelve o'clock in the day, some three miles from the camp. On arriving, I saw it was a case of close quarters, as the Shikaree and the men about me only made signs, and would not speak; and on quietly asking where my "friend" was hanging out, they pointed to a large tree, certainly more than twenty feet in circumference. I had my rifle and stood facing the tree, just on the line of the direction they took on going out visiting. No sign was made: the men placed on the flight should command to shout and scream, and to me I must stand I heard the purring noise like a cat, but a thousand times louder. The Shikaree pressed my arm and told me to take a steady aim directly over him, as she was very ghosts (angry). Immediately the face of the girl, mingled with wool and down under the tree, as you see a tiger in a cage only, but nothing like skins, and not at all those ship over her back. All at once she saw me; rather stooped the fore part of her body, put back her ears to prepare for a hasty call, opened her mouth gave three or four low growls, and showed me the inside of it quite red. I had my rifle ready, and the use of tooth-powder. At this moment I heard my groom and Shikaree shout; and no sooner had the ball struck her, than, with one of the most terrific roars I ever heard, she sprang down upon me. Thank God! I was steady and cool; I fired the second barrel, hit, but could not stop her. She fell upon me, and I sprang out of the way. That great man's son, who stood as steady as a rock, gave the shadow instinct (?) when she was upon me. I fired the right step in her chest, but she was upon me, and I fell backwards. She got me down right on the breast of my back just as I was about pulling the left trigger. As her paw she buried in my right arm, and her fangs in her mouth. On feeling the pressure, I managed to get my left hand out, and fired the muzzle over my arm, with one foot on each side of my chest. In the last shot I had the good fortune to hit the vein of the brain, and, on the brute stooping down to every me, I shoved it up in self-defence. She had a hold of it, down it went, but, by the time she broke it into half-a-dozen pieces, and, in fact, every bone in her rage upon it. The ball I had put into her chest began to oil; she rocked away from many times, and—let me here draw a veil. Why do she's at rest now! Her 'DARLING' over her life and her grave. God grant that she may sleep calmly!

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FAMILY GOVERNMENT.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

"A boy's majesty may be called by no great strictness in correcting him. This is first given into ungovernor, then pun, then correction is really; and what is worst of all, when he is afraid of everything, he obtains nothing; for with his spirit he loses all his power."—*Spectator.*

"Spare the rod and spoil the child."—*Solomon.*

"If you begin to punish, you never can cease, and so punish a child."—*M. Ledbor.*

Well, gentlemen, you are all right, but you don't all *apply* to all cases.

If one is bound to ruin his children, the choice should be made in the by kindness, rather than by brutality; but there is not the least need of badgering on either horn of this dilemma. Let every moral child that is brought into this world be taught by its elder kin or its parents; let it be taught this while it is a *little child*, not lumnered and petted to death and spoiled, and taught hundreds of naughty tricks, which it must afterwards be beaten to be broken of. If you can teach your child obedience without whipping him, so much the better; don't whip such a child—it is cruelty; but if he won't fear the switch, and needs stripes, lay them on; and don't be *lashing and soothing* blows at him for a week after punishing. Why gentle, respectful, and obedient children are the sweetest things on earth, there are few things more disagreeable and repulsive than badly managed and undisciplined children. No one can endure them, and their parents are justly ashamed.

Once got that control idea of unqualified obedience well grounded in your child's mind, and your government stands firm. You need not be all the time laying on commands. Do not fetter your children with a certain formula to every act. Only teach them that *their right shall be just as much respected as your own*; let them never have reason to doubt that you love them dearly, and that you will be kind to them in your own peculiar manner; you are angry and can safely vent your passion upon them, but for their good.

Be prompt in close-packed and quick feeling. They know well enough what feelings are appropriate to the occasion of those who correct them, and there is no possibility of bending a child when you first yourself angry, or when you are in doubt. Gain yop inflict without doing him an injury.

"Is enough to make one sorry to hear of a wife blows," I hear some one say, and my own heart is heir to. Poor little things! just starting upon a journey through life, with only the time between birth and death given them to escape unscathing through the world, and they are exposed to a wrong track at the very beginning. Either by too much rigor and severity or by a weak and injudicious indulgence, they are made to commit the first sin, all wrong; and hard indeed is it for them to right themselves when left to go on their way alone. If parents and teachers would spare some of their time and care for the child's moral health, much evil would find the benefit of it.

"You put your foot out of doors, and I'll whip you as sure as you live," says a mother to her little girl. Pretty soon she sees Miss Lot out on the front steps. Out she flies and jerks the baby in with—

"What did I tell you! Aren't you going to mind me? Now go out there again if you think it's worth your while."

Baby don think it is her best way; for out she goes again, as soon as her mother's back is turned, after another little foot-promised whipping comes, but baby is very much astonished at it. She had no idea that mamma really meant to carry out her word. She had heard such threats too many times when her mamma's love for something thunder-cloud, they had ceased harmless by.

It is a pity that mothers will teach lessons of infidelity and falsehood to their dear children; but such a course as this does it. Make your offspring feel that everything is just a long step, and a sure one, toward their belief in God.

CHOOSING A WIFE.

Never marry a woman merely because she has a handsome face or a well-turned figure; for we soon become familiarized with beauty, and cease to be her countenance has life and intelligence—if her figure is graceful—if her walk and carriage are modest and lady-like—and if the whole appearance of her person is pleasing, she has all that is requisite. She is worth all the simpering, sickening, trifling, affected misses that ever brought good looks to the market. Never choose a wife who is in the habit addressing a rich in houses, lots, farms, bank-stock or money; for marry her worldly *good* should not prove an insurmountable objection: but if she is poor like yourself, and you love her, there is nothing like a young couple, about the age of twenty, starting in life with fond hearts, clear consciences, and fair prospects before them. You have something to live for, to hope for, to work for, to love for. Your early struggles with the cares of this cross world will only bind you the closer to each other's affections; and when, by and by, you then those long, cold, cozy winter evenings—how delightful to sit by your humble hearth, after the labors of the day are over, and look upon the face of the future, occasionally looking down to the floor from a pair of dark, fiery, sparkling things you, that fairly dissolve your heart in ecstacy, gushing with pleasure, and overflowing with affection, pure devotion, and bright, joyous, and undying love! Never marry a girl without having first seen a few of her temper and disposition. It is possible you have been visiting her nightly for three months; but—still you do not know her. Remember, every time you pay her a visit, you put on, and she puts on, her company face and manners, and you may take our word for it, that on all such occasions she is in the most pleasant humor.

LAWFUL STRUGGLES.

When we find any presence of distress we are next to ourselves and our friends, it is the law of heaven by inarticulating under it any more than when it is sickness. The pain of thirst we are to imagine that water is prohibited. Of misfortune it never can be certainly known whether it proceeds from sin or the hand of God. It is an act of favor or of punishment; but since all the ordinary dispensations of Providence are to be interpreted by virtue, by the general tendency of things, we may conclude where the event is right to esteem our inconveniences as well as another; that we are only to take care that we murmur not, that we lose not the reward of Master's purpose, whether of reward or severity, will be answered by the labors which he lays us under the necessity of performing.

IRRESOLUTION.—In matters of great concern, each which must be done, there is no surer argument of a weak mind than irresolution; to be undetermined where the case is plain, and the necessity so urgent. To be always intending to live a new life, but never to find time to set about it; this is as if a man should put off eating, and drinking, and sleeping, from one day and night to another, till he is starved and destroyed.

PROFUSENESS OF CREATION.

BY A. M.

With what smoking abundance does the Creator lavish his riches! When he makes anything, he does it not by rule and measure. He never makes only enough of a thing; there is always some to spare. Look at the flowers and his fruits with overwhelming bounty. The different forms of life with which the Earth is filled are numberless. He is so signed in dispensing food or favor.

Earth, air, sea, forest, and mead are teeming with myriad forms and modes of life—the animal and the vegetable creation speak loudly of the generosity and exhaustless resource of the Great Creator. Who can compute the number of flowers in one meadow? Who can count the number of blossoms on one small tree? or tell how many living creatures inhabit one square foot of grass, or one yard of sedge by the side of a stream? There are more blossoms than ever become fruit—more small fruit than ever reaches perfection. Provision ample and ungrudging is made for all failure, all waste.

Looking upward on a starry night one would think that nothing was so cheap as worlds; and yet the glittering army which meets the eye is but as the window show of a diamond merchant compared with the countless host that lies beyond—grand, and sure, and sure, in the vast universe of God.

RAPIDITY OF THOUGHT IN DREAMING.

A very remarkable circumstance, and an important subject of analogy, is to be found in the extreme rapidity with which the mental operations are performed during sleep. The vast train of material changes on which the ideas depend are excited in hemispherical ganglia. It would appear as if a long train of ideas, or even a complicated and long lapse of time, pass ideally through the mind in one instant. We have in our own dreams the perception of the lapse of time—a strange property to any one who has not dreamed—and compressed into the eternal disembodied state, time will appear to us eternity. The relations of space as well as time are greatly altered in dreams, and while an eternity is compressed into a moment, infinite space is traversed in the same brief time by real thought. There are numerous illustrations of this in the records of dreams. A person who had enlisted as a soldier, joined his regiment, deserted, was apprehended, carried back, tried, sentenced to be shot, and at last led out for execution. After the usual preparations, a gun was fired: he awoke from a dream and found that a shot fired at the soldiering room had at the same moment produced the whole imaginary train of the last hours of life. Abercrombie dreamt that he crossed the Atlantic, was shipwrecked, brought in a sailor to Jamaica, in his return, he fell into the sea, and awaking in the flight found that he had not been in bed ten minutes.

RISING IN THE WORLD.

Now that a man is rising in society, and rise in the world, and associate himself, unreproached, with people once above him, not only is the satisfaction unmingled, but the enjoyment marred by the unbent-of-extent, whatever a man's position, but to be exposed to insidious shame to find himself in the state he was born in, and everybody thinks it no duty to put him in mind of it. Some persons have any influence in the management of public institutions or charitable education because they possess this feeling in the highest degree. Hardly a day passes but they receive letters from mothers who have sons in the war or sailors at sea, or in college, and make the proud tour in the long vacation, and they write to know if something wrong in the foundation of society, because this is not possible. Out of every ten letters of this kind, nine will stigmatize the reason of the writers' importunity, their desire to keep their families in such and such a "station in life." Nothing is so easy as to keep down the discipline, or the moral good of the children—only a pauls humor of the mother's pleasure, occasionally of their living a lodge or two lower or a little more out of the world, and they will be carried at any cost whatever of struggle, anxiety, and shortening of life itself.

SPEAKING WELL OF OTHERS.

If the disposition to speak well of others were universally prevalent, the world would become a comparative paradise. The opposite disposition is the fruitful source of the miseries of life, both at home and every neighborhood with pain and sorrow. Why not cultivate and habitually practice this virtue? How much happiness is inter-changed by a single word! Many a heart-broken, unmerited spirit of evil, when they feel vent by the lips, go forth on their mission like foul fiends, to blast the peace and sacred peace of those who can be his imperfections, and in the conduct of whom they will be occasioned a fault, which might seem to justify animadversion. It is a good rule, however, never to speak of the faults of others, to do it privately to the erring one. This may prove salutary. It is a proof of interest in the individual, and will be received as such, unless it be the manner of doing it is not offensive. The conduct of the individual may be misrepresented, but to proclaim the failing of others to all but themselves. This is undertaken, and shows a despicable heart.

WIT.

There is an more interesting spectacle than to see the effects of wit upon the different characters of men. The effects of choice it operates differently. Giving dignity, unbounding coldness, touching age, and pain, and even to senility—exciting the attention of some, and the admiration, and charming even the pangs of grief. It is pleasant to observe how it penetrates through the coldness and awkwardness of society, gradually bringing men near together, and, like the embrace of the sun and air, giving every man a glad heart and a shining countenance. Genius and innocence are the true and the favor of the mind! Man could direct his ways by plain reason, and support his life by common sense; but God has given us wit, that we may, and brightness and laughter, and perfume, and beauty, and variety, and pleasure, and "charm his pained steps over the burning mark."

ALWAYS BUSY.

The more a man accomplishes the more he may. An active mind grows more active. It is observed that those men who are the most forward in the good, or to improve the times and manners, always the busy. Who are the most punctual to their books, our machine shops and our manufactories. Men of industry and enterprise. As long as they live they keep at work, doing something to benefit themselves, and their fellow men, and to those who is benevolent—the more he gives the more he feels like giving. We go for nobility—in body, in mind, in everything. Let the gold grow rust dim, nor the thoughts become stale. Keep all things in motion. We should rather find death should find us *making a mountain* than sinking in time—bringing a withdrawal than striking it down.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1869.

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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NO TRAVELLING AGENTS.—We employ no travelling agents. If any one presents himself to act as such for us, you can rest assured that he is a swindler. Do not give him any of the work and personal chores; but if you should be disposed to send a club of us, then you can send it, and we will send it to you.

REJECTED MANUSCRIPTS.—We will not return rejected manuscripts.

CHRISTMAS.

A "MERRY CHRISTMAS" to the readers of the LEDGER, and to all the great brotherhood of man. Day commemorative of his birth, before whose unfolding of the Abraham Lincoln "Emancipation Proclamation" of Peace and Liberty to all the children of earth, "the Declaration of Rights, Brotherhood, and Union grounded to the dumb dust of which their immortal gods were fashioned. What blessings and memorabilia of days, which brought light and promise into the world, so that no man should literalize sit in darkness, or wander in the valley of the terror and despair. Day ushered by that "Star in the East," which the Magi followed and found safe unto Bethlehem, in Judea, where they beheld the "young child" Jesus, the Son of God and the Savior of men, on whose large brow

> "The radiance of the God-head shone
> In summer splendor."

Yet, a merry Christmas, for least of all should man be sad on that day which, recalling all other of the manifold beauties of God with a surpassing grace, not only filled the memories of mortal beings, but added thereto the ineffable joys of immortality. And yet, we would not have our friends make merry of the day in a boisterous way, with a sober gladness, brokening a consciousness of its origin of the human and divine nature of him with whom it came, and of the unspeakable benefits it has witnessed for men. Children will more especially perceive all the significance of Christmas, though it was Christ who said, "suffer little children to come unto me;" for them, therefore, be jubilant after childhood's fashion, by the upheaping of stockings, and by day-dreams of the bright visions of sweet interchanges to come—at pleasant gifts to be given and received, of Christmas-eves replenished with delights, of puddings bursting with plums, and all that seemed typical of "good things, and all good things," which the elder may perceive in celestial but which childhood must have in terrestrial forms.

And the elder just enjoy their own memories and of Christmas—and our givings and receivings and feastings, let us all remember the sufferers of this wintry time, and that they are momently falling upon thousands of pitiful deaths by cold and starvation—the glorious summer, flush with the bloom of flowers and foliage, nor the ripe, majestic autumn, replete with the fruitage of the year—cannot stay the boundaries of want, sickness and consequent destitution—the hideous "Reaper" whose name will be unknown to mortals until he rises, yet all of whom are "men and brethren," children of the same great Father and beloved God, and for whom Christ lived and died. Let us remember these, with kind words and open palms and the happier that we have enjoyed, the other—are made by our good deeds, the name joyful will be ours.

OUTBUT OF LIFE.

Who that has ever seen the young shoot to embark on the great sea of the "world," can have failed to mark the shadow of a spirit with which they enter on the new stage of existence! The present is regarded as nothing, the future as all; so as a watch of the night, and the future alone is esteemed the end and object of life. As a token of its pleasure from "morning" of youth centres its joys in the "hope" of the future; philosophy, which belongs neither to the morning or old evening, has regard to the present, and solves its visions of what is to come by the experience of what has already gone before. The young have had no experience, and time alone must be the teacher of experience, and time alone must be the unveiler of the silver hair, and the furrowed brow, and the tottering step, must all come ere ever we fully realize the unwelcome truth that the fond schemes and prospects of enjoyment, distance alone has lent enchantment to the view, that nothing but future pleasures there have ever lurked insidious thorns, and that the gorgeous shapes that have floated before fire as in golden magnificence have been but as meteor sun-bubbles, which the first breath of air shattered into annihilating air.

> "We see," said Mr. B., "how could you marry an Irish girl?" "Why, father," said the son, "I'm not able to keep two women." "I'll not be troubled with her," said the old man, "for as fast as you get a-one one of her."

The above, though intended for a joke, is too truthful to be passed over as a mere piece of frivolity. It contains a just reproach which, we hope, all right-thinking "Yankee girls" will profit by. It is true and serious reproach, and we give it a place with a wish that it may be heeded by every lady reader who think it a degradation to do "housework," after they have caught a husband, may reap advantage from it.

> One is made of the best barley, and is flavored with a barley which, we think, is peculiar to certain parts of Italy.

We are not certain about the best barley; but we can speak confidently as to the berry. That is not, however, peculiar to Italy—but to all parts of the civilized world. Here we spell it *berry*, and it is generally to be found flourishing in grave-yards.

WHEREFORE!

Wherefore is it, as some of our contemporaries have asserted, that there are men of intelligence and property—and natives, too—among us, who would not regret to see a monarchical form in the place of our republican government. We think we understand wherefore it is. These sentiments at republicanism have, unfortunately for a fair judgment, lived in a tumultuous city all their days —in a city, the population of which is larger mens beyond a parallel, and where from time to time the municipal rule has been of mobocrats, or blacksmith's shop, or tavern, to take a back seat, and where the privilege of shouldered organ, and where the drawing out of the fire engine on the village green to be washed, was an object of stunning importance to every boy who swung his hardy over his barnyard fence. I, we, and himself, in the days of boyhood, and manhood may be intolerable monotony in hubbub, gas, gilding, glitter and confusion, as anybody who has sojourned for a year or two in the Broadway hotels, and listened to the countless Niagara roar of equipages and gentlemen's life as it rolls in windows, can testify. The great human thin ever surging on, looking on its own magnificence, hurrying and thrusting others of the hour; the eloquent voices of the solid-right stars, never heard for the volumes of the organ, and human passion till the very soil grows sick with the changeful, yet changeless, purposeless, and yet ever-purposing, ever-passing, ever-passing array.

Republic is a heaven after H. The chest expands, the breath comes free, the step grows lighter, the moment the crowded boat strikes the great bay and open ocean. Even mountains, scenes; nowhere, thank goodness are low and far between—the mountain ridge of Connecticut, Long Island, and run about" mothers dare indulge in the luxury of a kiss, and the cradle is not locked behind, instead of mounting guard over a hireling nurse; pages can walk about in old hats and comfortable breeches without an eye to the effect without danger of being taken for what they are not; and gentle boarding-house keepers can set a table, without fear of molestation, or comb their hair leisurely before the glass, without anxiety for the amount of its opposite eye-glass.

Our shop-keepers are civil, respectful and obliging; they do not frown and "go out" to speak to customers—ah, there you have us—I never get into hearing usually rule so promptly, whether it be stringently, as the monarchy. But this can hardly be done until our public offices come to proper duties and fabulous emolumental struggle for their possession—not so much for the honor they confer, as the opportunity they give for the gratification of personal, sanctities and necessary purposes. Democratize our city government, leaving to the merriest to stand and act as much as possible for itself—thereby destroying the necessity of place desire—and the full offices and emoluments of their responsibilities and duties, and so that they will be given to those who understand and will do them let it be the concern and unfailing business of the people to see that they are filled by the free election of men fit to fill their offices, and we might have as good as the best monarchical municipal rule, and that, too, at less cost by one-half.

We apprehend that those who have found most fault with the rule of the people, are those who have done the least to help to make it better. And surely, the utmost even of these cannot plead for monarchy against republicanism—but as our late correspondent, Mr. Wm. Hall, has proved over our peaceful, prosperous and happy country, and contrast the enjoyments of our people with those of the people of Europe, and the reasons who likened cities to slaves on the body politic, and then lamentation will be unavailable unless under whatever form of government. Honest patriotism, however it ally itself to power, and the Atlantic, and God forbid that the ghost of say George III. should reinstate monarchy on our We look to the day when all this will belong we cast it out in 1776.

WINTER AND THE POOR.

The presence of winter, in regal garb, brings with it facts and a duty which, we trust, not only the Christian and philanthropist, but also the most selfish inhabitant of the metropolis of the Empire city there is always a vast want and suffering among the poor, but it is more intense at this season—the glorious summer, flush with the bloom of flowers and foliage, nor the ripe, majestic autumn, replete with the fruitage of the year —cannot stay the boundaries of want, sickness and consequent destitution—the hideous "Reaper" whose name will be unknown to mortals until he rises, yet all of whom are "men and brethren," children of the same great Father and beloved God, and for whom Christ lived and died. Let us remember these, with kind words and open palms and the happier that we have enjoyed, the other—are made by our good deeds, the name joyful will be ours.

FRESH FERN LEAVES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1868, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

LIVING IN BROOKLYN.

It is a very common remark of the New York city press, that "the majority of Brooklyn are fools." In some, last week, by this or that newspaper. As if Brooklyn were some provincial town, where loungers gathered around the village pump, or blacksmith's shop, or tavern, to take a back seat, and discuss the price of cloth and of grain, and where the drawing out of the fire engine on the village green to be washed, was an object of stunning importance to every boy who swung his hardy over his barnyard fence. I, we, and himself, in the days of boyhood, and manhood may be intolerable monotony in hubbub, gas, gilding, glitter and confusion, as anybody who has sojourned for a year or two in the Broadway hotels, and listened to the countless Niagara roar of equipages and gentlemen's life as it rolls in windows, can testify. The great human thin ever surging on, looking on its own magnificence, hurrying and thrusting others of the hour; the eloquent voices of the solid-right stars, never heard for the volumes of the organ, and human passion till the very soil grows sick with the changeful, yet changeless, purposeless, and yet ever-purposing, ever-passing, ever-passing array.

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PAINFUL PLEASURES.

BY MARY RUSSELL.

To look upon the goodly child, from whose face the fingers of the great Artist have just been lifted, and think of the years—the tender feet upon the rocks; the bright curls clustering the mists and shadows; the brave youth battling with the spirit-pest; the stalwart man, with weary eyes and lines of thought, and the bowed head of old age! And of the noonday's while hales bowed upon a staff, and moving slowly to the grave.

To look upon the babe round in the glory of sunbeam, and see the sunbeams dawdling with the live crimson and gold overhead, while your governess mail a dirge through the russet dead at your feet.

To hear a rich voice singing, or a mellow instrument playing, some world, inspiring strain, that you are sure you have heard in ages long gone, amid the plashing of fountains—the whirr of wings and violens of fire, unspeakable beauty.

To see a man face grow suddenly luminous with its new-born thought; large, mournful eyes lingering out the strong leaps of a deathless soul; pale lips and fingers responsive to trembling supply; a glad spirit springing loose from its frail prison-house, and the whole soul for God.

To look out upon a gorgeous sunset, and watch the vast blue fade, one by one, like your earthly hopes, into the grey twilight.

To stand upon a mountain top alone.

To sit thoughtfully among the fair sweet, volatile flowers.

To ride upon mid ocean, and trace the stars in their course.

To sleep the dead who are alive to you, and the living who are dead to you, in vessels visions.

To look into the face of the beloved—that other self standing outside and your self within—for the quest soul in royal vestments; artizer of its own magnificent fortunes; and to know yourself for ever dying, yet impotent to save; loving well and nobly, but encumbered with love; upplocking—beyond—unfathomable.

To die; to exult in being; to throb and vault, with elastic and exquisite life, towards the pale, pale pale of the Unknown.

To die; to exult in being; to throb and vault, with elastic and exquisite life, towards the pale, pale pale of the Unknown.

WAKE UP!

There are other sleeps besides that which requires the assistance of the eyelids as one of his constituents. There are people, not a few, who are sound asleep, to all practical purposes, while their outward eyes are wide open. The Scripture speak of some as those who "have eyes, but see not," and "ears, but hear not," and "hearts, but feel not."

Some people go through the world as if they were asleep to all the interests of life, excepting, perhaps, those which concern their animal natures and which call the processes of eating and drinking, common to all mere animals! They are noticed by their fellows, but they take no notice of the wants of their fellow beings, that is utterly out of the question. It never enters into the thoughts of such "sleepy-heads" that anybody else has any wants. They go about like the eolus, thinking only of themselves, and caring for no one they go. They are asleep to all the world besides! And what is the result, we would ask? Why a sleep! It is not a true life you are leading. You are either too stupid or too selfish, or both. Keep awake to all that is going on around you. You are living in a wicked, active world. While you sleep, the devil is busy sowing his tares in the field of duty, and ignobly to such only as sleep, like you, he finds a harvest.

Let ous and all wake up, remembering that "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," not only in politics, but in the multiplying concerns of life! Wake up!

SELFISHNESS.

A Yale student once called upon a lawyer on the other day, going to show that the world is not all selfishness after all. "Why," said he, "I have been to-day to see Mr. Blank, and he has given me a dollar, and I have been to Mr. Dash, and he has given me a dollar, and I have been to Mr. Dunn, and he has given me a dollar, and I have been to Mr. Dunn, and he has given me a dollar, and I have been to Mr. Dunn

RURAL SCENERY.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

The wild bee o'er the prairie
Sought honey by her hum,
The stream came leaping from the rock
As though it were alive.—

While the solemn mountain listening
Raised its dreamy way,
And lisp a Name, old and sweet,
Repressed the thoughtless play.

The streams smile Beautiful
Like lovers through the glade,
And pour pure fragrance on the flowers
In beauty's garb array'd;

But lightly have they bounded
The haunting-ground to woo,
While their sad left with rapture thrilled
To meet his kiss of love.

The beetle and the butterfly
Sip on their glittering track,
The small curved serpent, slow and sure,
His home upon his back;

And life in all was beautiful,
As, 'fore the parent sun,
They claimed in Nature's joyance sweet
On their bright summer's day.

Oh, frail and winged creatures!
That perish in an hour,
Methinks ye are our teachers,
Mid all our pomp and power

Mid all our vaunt of learning,
Mid all our pride of array,
Be pitiful, and teach us
Before ye pass away:

How to be humbly happy
Amid a world so fair,
And in the confidence of trust
Accept our Father's care.

THE CROWN JEWELS.

A TALE OF LONDON AND PARIS.

BY DR. HOLLAND W. NELSON,

AUTHOR OF "LADY CLAYTON'S SIN," "THE DOUBLE MARRIAGE," &c., &c., &c.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1877, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE COTTAGE AND COUSIN.

The readers of our tale will now be kind enough to go forward with us to the night of this day, which has been so prolific of events, and which we have recorded each in its order in a portion of the foregoing chapters. Already it will have been discovered that all the scenes which we have hitherto given in our story have transpired during the very night upon which we began by introducing the Earl of Corybrave, on his way through the streets of London to the gambling saloons of De Pratt's and continued from the evening of that night up to the following day at four o'clock, an hour of Lord Corybrave's escape from his dwelling on the horse furnished him by the gallant Ralph. The limit in time of all our narrative has thus far recorded, is embraced in a night and a day. In all our stories we have not yet consumed quite twenty-four hours of time; a night and a part of the following day, embracing the whole period of action.

The reader will now go with us forward in time to the evening of the same day following the robbery of the Tower, and the flight of Lord Ingle, and enter with us a small rural farm-house in an ancient state edifice, once the abbey of a religious body for a century and a half the residence of the family of the Varneys. Over its massive, mediæval archway were placed the escutcheon and crest of the Varleys, as it was anciently spelled by the warlike Saxon founder of the family.

It was already dark, for an hour before said, the night was foggy and close. Through an olden cloister, half-closed, groaned the gate of a light showing that the house was occupied at least by some person, albeit the remainder of the vast pile shut up. Let us enter the lighted apartment. It is long about with old armour, paved with dark slabs of marble, and contains a book-case filled with ancient folios; and one suit of it is arched, and beneath is a set of carved chairs of the three hundred years ago this room had been the chapel of the five monks who dwelt here; and at the altar was a cousin of the chief of the house, the edifice ultimately reverted to the family, and was now the property of Sir Paul Varney, who had occasionally lodged or supped here as a bachelor. We have, we believe, already mentioned Captain Hembry, as the younger son of the nobleman who was Lord of the Tower, who, at Hinchcliff's behest, tempted the young and innocent girl, Kate Hinchcliff, to leave her father, whose revenge, as we have seen, took the shape of the robbery of the treasure confided to the custody of the old noble man.

There are some revenges deeper and heavier and more terrible than death! one vengeance which creates a life of disgrace, shame and sorrow for its victim. Such was the vengeance Hinchcliff sought, and to achieve which he associated with himself the bold but desolate Lord Neagle and the others.

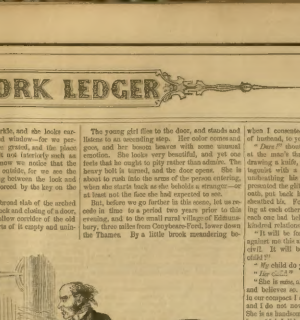
This room we now are looking upon is that which is used as a side wine-table, and in the centre of the apartment is a round dining-board. Three plates are laid for dinner, and everything is arranged for that luxurious dining which appertains to a family of wealth. Everything in the room wears the aspect of wealth and aristocratic enjoyment—a combination of the refinement of modern taste with the massive and soulless dignity of a century ago.

A cool fire burns gloomingly in the grate, and above the mantel-piece, between four wax candles lighted, stands a picture not yet hung up, but looking fresh and new as if recently painted! But such a picture! It was the picture of a young female of eighteen or nineteen, with blue eyes, and fair hair flowing in tides of beauty from the parting of the fair forehead to the coquettish wave and curl falling in a cataract of golden glory over her shining shoulders. The eyes were full of love, came as the deep sea, and as fathomless in their deep, dark beauty. The features were those of surpassingly captivating in their outline, and the expression of her heavenly mouth was full of mingled sweetness and pride and love. The well-poised head, the noble neck, the bust half maidenly, half womanly in the indistinguishable line of separation form, altogether presented a manifestation of womanly glory and loveliness that could have had its ideal only in the refined and passionate imaginations of the poet or the painter.

Though the mouth indicated sweetness incomparable, and the liquid cerulean eyes beamed with love and joy, yet there was visible a something indescribable in the whole expression of the face that indicated a hidden power of character, deep feeling, and intense passion in reserve, which circumstances of an extraordinary nature might one day develop.

While we gaze at the portrait the door of an inner room opens, and the original walks into the room to surprise and amaze us; and as we regard the beautiful creature we exclaim, "The half hath not been told us on the canvas!"

She is simply arrayed in a robe of blue silk, with a white flower in her hair. She is girl, and an unlazy expression blends with the natural sweetness of her countenance. She glances at the picture, smiles slightly, and then moves to the window and looks out into the darkness of the street. She expects some one, and her heart beats as if for there is no mistaking that look upon a woman's face.



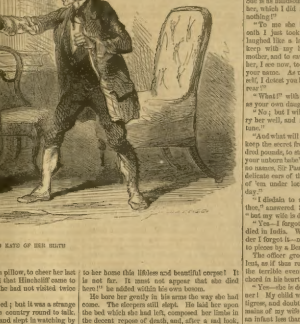
SUDGERLEY INFORMING KATE OF HER BIRTH

At length her eyes sparkle, and she looks curiously through the grated window—for we perceive all the windows are grated, and the place looks like a prison were it not tolerably such an abode of luxury. And now we notice that the doors are locked on the outside, for we see the large black bolt apparently between the door and the bed, into which it is forced by the key on the outside.

A step is heard on the stone slab of the arched gate-way, a turning of a lock and closing of a door, and presently we see the leather cuirass of the old abbey as if there were parts of it empty and uninhabited below.

The young girl flies to the door, and stands and listens to an unending step. Her color comes and goes, and her bosom heaves with some unusual emotion. She looks very beautiful, and yet one feels that he ought to pity rather than admire. The hour is late, and the door opens. She is about to rush into the arms of the person entering, when she starts back as she beholds a stranger—or at least not the face she had expected to see.

But, before we go further in this scene, let us recede in time to a period two years prior to this evening, and to the small rural village of Sidmouth-bury, three miles from Corybeare-Ford, lower down the Thames. By a little brook meandering her



when I consented to be protector, with the name of husband, to your mother?"

"*Dare?*" shouted the baronet, making a grasp at the man's throat. The other leapt back, and, drawing a knife, would have sprung upon his antagonist with a deadly purpose; but the latter, unflinching his sword from beneath his cloak, presented the glittering point. Hinchcliff with an oath, put back his weapon, and Sir Paul Varney sheathed his. For a moment both men stood looking at each other, across the grave of her to whom each one had held such strange, yet opposite, yet kindred relations.

"It will be to your injury, Hinchcliff, to take against me this attitude of insult and defiance. Be civil. It will be well for you. Where is the child?"

"*My child do you mean?*"

"*Hush!*"

"She is mine, also, Sir Paul! The world knows, and believes so. I have not denied it, (for it was in our compact I should own it as mine, you know,) and I do not now intend to deny her to be mine. She is as handsome as her mother was; and I love her, which I did not her mother. To you she is nothing!"

"To me she is everything! You heard the oath I just took over this grave, and which you laughed like a laughing devil. That oath I will keep with my lawyer's blood! I worshipped the mother, and to save her honor and mine, I deceived her, I see now, to a living death! I will not be deceived more. As much as I pity her, and hate myself, I detest you! But the child I must have and bear!"

"What!" with a sneer: "Will acknowledge her as your own daughter?"

"No; but I will educate her as a lady, and marry her well, and secure her happiness by my fortune."

"And what will your beautiful young wife say—to keep the secret from whom you got the three hundred pounds, to stand up and be married in your—your unborn baby's young mother? You are a fool! so name, Sir Paul." I know how to speak to the delicate ears of the aristocracy. I have had some of 'em under lock and key in the Tower in my day!"

"I disdain to stoop to held conversation with them," answered Sir Paul, his brow darkening; "but my wife is dead."

"Yes—I forgot! I remember now hearing she died in Italy. Wasn't she and the child—I wonder I forgot it—not long after you went there, torn to pieces by a Bengal tiger?"

The effort groaned. For a moment he was silent, as if thus ruddily forcing upon his thoughts the terrible event he alluded to, he had struck a chord in his heart exquisitely painful.

"You—did—you dare—was slain in this cruel manner! My child was borne off into the jungle by a tigress, and doubtless perished! The mangled remains of my wife were buried here, Hinchcliff, an infant less than two years, was, without doubt, devoured by the ferocious animal!"

"It was a daughter, then?" asked Hinchcliff, with more of respect than he had shown the old earl, and that of Sir Paul was profound as he related the manner of the death of those dear to him;—in every respect, said demands the utmost care from the teachers.

"I am sorry for you, Sir Paul Varney; but I cannot let you have Kate. The child is, in law, mine. I have love—and blame me not for it—the only thing on earth I do love! I tried to hate it, because I hated its mother and——"

"*Its father!*"

"Yes. But it grew upon me. It *would* love me! It took me by surprise. Before I knew my own pain me, your by your, I spent for that child! I have loved it, I have watched it, I have, for being her mother's husband, on her education! I have come to be a very fond child, and cared everything for her, to make a lady of her, which you, her real father, of in the wars, did not care a load of hemp for! I am her father now, and will not have come home! You have left your wife and child to the cold charities of the Earl and Countess, and nicely out of the way, you are for taking the neglected one of my blood to be your heir, and beautiful as an archangel! But you will find that you are caught in your own trap!"

"Sir, you have not seen the child's face! I hear she is lovely, and looks like her mother. I have not seen her since she was a babe."

"She's educated now enough for my daughter! She's handsome enough to be a duchess! She is lady of her, if she never sees the inside of a schoolhall again! But as my allowance comes, now that I am in the Tower, to you, I suppose I shall not be able to do much more for her."

"I am willing to pay you for your place!"

"No, Sir Paul."

"I am very dogged, man!"

"Only firm, Sir Paul Varney!"

"Where is the child?"

"Not in your hands. You cannot find her. I supplicated you would want to get her when you found you could not get her mother's dowry! and so, last night, I came and took her away privately."

"She went with you without force?"

"Bless you, yes! She loves me, ugly as I am, for I have been a father to her all her life. I bought the privilege of having her love me, and of being loved by her, with my money and my care. She means to part with it! She'd go with me to the end of the earth! She doesn't know anybody else, or love anybody else!"

"She believes you to be her father?"

"Why should she not?" said Hinchcliff, ingeniously, and with an air of vulgar vanity.

Sir Paul Varney paced across the scene the head of the grave—an appropriate place for such a strange meeting—and looked grimly upon the dead. He drew from the glimpse of her graceful form, her beautiful head, and her golden, rich mass of flowing hair, that she was lovely indeed, and that child must be passing lovely, now within a few weeks of being in her fifteenth year. To the cold fierce ear wrath would avail with a man like Hinchcliff. To attempt to wield Sir Paul's high attachment towards his child; but a sort of vague desire to make some atonement for the wrong done to her mother, the sole being regarded on her part, so far as mortals can this cover guilt, to twelve years of pressure of the sensations with of John Hinchcliff, led him to resolve to adopt the child; and children himself, he hoped yet to win her love, and, with it, absolution for her sins. Here is not born for solitude. He must love something; even if it be a dog, a cat, a bird, a child, a horse, a mouse, or even a spider, as the history of love professors can testify. Sir Paul hoped to find no object to love in his daughter. But John Hinchcliff also had a human heart, and must love something to fix his affections upon also. His object, as we have seen, was Kate. He would not lightly, therefore, surrender his claim upon her.

"Hinchcliff, I am here in your power. I can do nothing. I throw myself on your magnanimity. I will give you an annuity of one thousand pounds a year if you will relinquish all pretensions to my child."

"*Dare?*" shouted the baronet, making a grasp at the man's throat. The other leapt back, and, drawing a knife, would have sprung upon his antagonist with a deadly purpose; but the latter, unsheathing his sword from beneath his cloak, presented the glittering point. Hinchcliff with an oath, put back his weapon, and Sir Paul Varney sheathed his. For a moment both men stood looking at each other, across the grave of her to whom each one had held such strange, yet opposite, yet kindred relations.

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"Hinchcliff, I am here in your power. I can do nothing. I throw myself on your magnanimity. I will give you an annuity of one thousand pounds a year if you will relinquish all pretensions to my child."

"No. The law will defend me in her possession. I will not, therefore, consent."

"I will give you a bonus of ten thousand pounds. Money is nothing to me!"

"Not if you play as successfully and win as freely as you did when you were a younger man! People, you know, before you went to India, said you played too well for a gentleman!"

Sir Paul smiled slightly, as if feeling a consciousness of still playing "too well for a gentleman," for the excitement of betting and "the mystery of chances" had for him the fascination which a battle-field has for the soldier-born! Nor was the latter passion wanting in the breast of one whose ancestors had been for centuries the first warriors and knights of the realm of England.

"Do you accept my offer?"

"No, Sir Paul."

"You tempt me to slay you on the spot," said he, half drawing his sword.

"If you do, you will not find in my heart the secret you desire. To kill me will not discover Kate's hiding-place."

"I must wait my time, then!" answered the baronet, as he turned away from the grave, and walked haughtily along the dark avenue of yew-trees that led to the gate. Without looking back, he passed out and took a path which led by the brook, at the side of which the cottage stood, from whence Anne's body had been taken. It was now quite dark, or rather the stars shone, and the lingering red of the Western sky added its light.

At the door of the cottage sat an old woman smoking her pipe. It was Hinchcliff's mother. The baronet stopped and made inquiries about his child; but too deaf to hear, she made replies that had no reference to his questions. Angry and disappointed, he resumed his way, taking the same path the dying woman had taken two nights before; and the same path along which, fourteen years before, he had secretly stolen to meet by the brook-side the lovely maiden whom he won but to betray. Had she not suffered for that hour of trustful weakness? Had he not suffered for that hour of deliberate guilt? Wife and daughter torn from his bosom by a fearful death! And a child once disowned and born in shame, he now pleads to be given to him at the feet of a base man, who, without mercy, mocks at his prayers. Heaven has its revenges.

From that night, for three months, Sir Paul diligently sought to discover the retreat of his child! The cottage, the school-hall, the Tower, all the movements of the turnkey were watched by well-paid spies; but all in vain. At length he gave up the direct search, and trusted to chance to discover her.

At the expiration of his year's furlough, he re-embarked for India. After an absence of three and a half years he resigned his commission as lieutenant-colonel, and embarked for Europe by the way of Egypt and Marseilles. In France, he at Paris passed several months, and also visited Brussels, where he had the duel at which Sir Villiers Courtney assisted as a second, and who shot at and wounded him for firing (accidentally, as it proved) before the word. Thence, after a few months' sojourn, he came to London, where he entered a course of gaming that soon rendered him famous as the most successful player in England. The reader is already aware of the fatal results of meeting him to the Earl of Conybeare, and the finale of the celebrated challenge for fifty thousand pounds.

All this while he had not forgotten the young girl, his daughter. It was now more than four and a half years since his meeting with Hinchcliff at the grave of his wife. He now determined to ascertain, if possible, where she was; for by this time he knew that, if alive, she must be a beautiful young woman of eighteen or nineteen. He felt, therefore, an intense curiosity to behold her, at least. It was about two months before his fatal play with the earl, and the opening of our story, that he had returned to London from the continent. He had been in the city but two days, ere he ascertained, from one of his old spies, that about a year before, Hinchcliff, emboldened by a rumor that he, Sir Paul, had been killed in India, had taken his daughter from her secret retirement (which was a French "Pension pour les Demoiselles Anglaises," near the city of Exeter), and brought her to reside with him in the Tower. That there her great beauty and attractions could not endanger her, as only an old officer or two were the inmates; but, nevertheless, he kept her in perfect seclusion, and never suffered her to go out to walk but accompanied by himself.

"At length the son of the lieutenant of the Tower," said Sir Paul's informer, "came home from Spain, where he had been with the Spanish Embassy. He was an officer in the Coldstream Guards, but his name—I forget his name——"

"Captain Henley—my cousin! But what of him? A dangerous young man to be near so fair a girl!"

"It proved so. He got some position in the Tower given him, only, as I think, sir, to be near the daughter of Hinchcliff, whose fame had got abroad."

"Quick, sir! Did he ruin her? Let me not be delayed!"

"The upshot was, sir," said the man, who had once been Sir Paul's butler, "that in spite of John Turnkey, the young folks met by moonlight, or starlight, too, perhaps——"

"No levity—proceed!"

"And the end was as usual. One morning, a week ago, Hinchcliff awoke, and going to his daughter's room, found his caged bird had flown!"

"Did she fly from the Tower with Captain Henley?"

"Both were missing at the same time. Her scarf, tied to the window, showed how she had got away, and the outside key of the gate, which Hinchcliff had put into his belt at night, being missing in the morning, showed very plainly what aid he had received in making his exit from the Tower."

"And whither did they fly?" demanded Sir Paul, with intense feeling.

"This is the mystery, Sir Paul," answered the ex-butler, shaking his head, and looking wistfully at the decanter of wine which stood on the altar in the old chancel of the room, into which we have already introduced the reader, in the ancient abbey; for this interview between the baronet and his servitor took place in this dining-room after dinner, it being Sir Paul's temporary abode on his return to London.

"Does not Hinchcliff know where my—that is—*his* daughter is?"

"No. He became so enraged about it that he forgot himself, and his tongue cut his throat."

"How mean you?"

"The lieutenant of the Tower dismissed him. So he lost his daughter and his place; and since then I am told he is here in London everywhere seeking her, and everywhere vowing he will one day have his revenge!"

"How long ago was this elopement?"

"Not two weeks at the most, your honor."

"And Captain Henley?"

"He does not conceal himself. I saw him yesterday at the Horse-guards."

"Yes—and so I met him this morning," said Sir Paul, biting his nether lip, "and little suspecting this, I asked him to dine here with me, and he left as you came in. I little suspected all that I have since learned."

A footman at this moment came in, and said—

"Sir Paul, a gentleman is below who wishes to see the rooms."

"Is your honor going to leave London?" asked the butler.

"No. It is too lonely for me, and I have taken a suite of rooms on Beverly terrace. I yesterday advertised these for rent as they are. Show him up."

A man about thirty years of age, with a foreign air, and a face striking from its intelligence, rather than its handsome features, now appeared, and, bowing with the manner of a well-bred gentleman, apologized, in an easy way, for the intrusion, adding—

"Monsieur, parle t'il Francais?"

Sir Paul bowed affirmatively.

He then asked if he could see the apartments. Seeing that he was at least a gentleman, Sir Paul rose and walked with him through the rooms, five in number, all well and substantially furnished.

"There are but five in use, monsieur. The old mansion contains eighteen in all, but they are unfurnished, or have not been opened in twenty years or more."

The foreigner lounged in a careless elegant way through the apartments, expressing himself satisfied (stroking his brown moustache as he spoke) with them and the price, and said he would take them, and desired to have possession on the Sunday next.

He then handed Sir Paul his card and references.

"Monsieur Count de Bienville," read the baronet bowing.

The French gentleman, after some passing conversation, took his leave.

"I have seen that face before—but where I have met him I cannot tell!" said Sir Paul musingly; "those steady, cold, blue eyes that seem to slumber with concealed power beneath the half-raised lid, once met can not be easily forgotten! perhaps I saw him in Paris!"

Sir Paul Varney having now given some directions about leaving the mansion for Beverly terrace, went out and sought the lodgings of his cousin Captain Pole Henley. This gay young officer was within.

"What, Sir Paul—so soon a call from you after dining with you. I hope you have come to sup with me. It is not yet ten o'clock?"

"Yes. It is lonely enough at the old abbey for an anchorite. I have at length leased it for a year to a French Count!"

"Then you will come and mess with our club?"

"No. You are too noisy and fast for a man of eight and thirty!"

"Bah! the best looking man in London yet, and as report says, a lady-killer! Why, they say you had a harem of lovely dark-eyed Indian houris at your magnificent Bengal palace!"

"They say," muttered the baronet laughing, and evidently not displeased, "is a great liar, cousin! But they say you are a conqueror in this way, Henley."

"Me? I can't bear love and all its nauseating co-relatives! I would rather own an Arabian mare, such as I saw the Viceroy of Egypt's ambassador astride in the park to-day, than share all the honors of the fairest Cleopatra of modern days!"

"You are not frank, cousin?"

"With all my heart! I never was in love in my life, except with a good Damascus blade which I saw in the hands of that self-same Egyptian. If anything would tempt me to forget my commandments and commit highway robbery, it is this mare and sword!"

"Have you been to the Tower lately? Your father, I hear, is still well and in command."

Yes, hale and strong. I saw him last week. Indeed I passed eight or ten days with him at a time not long after I got home from Spain where you know I went as attache to the Spanish Embassy."

"You did not fall in love in the Tower?"

"Per Baccho! but I came within an ace of losing my heart, if I ever had any, to the fair daughter of the turnkey, Winchcliff, or some such name! Never had Diana such an eye, Venus such shoulders, Hebe such a waist, Ruth (to go to Scripture) such a figure, Magdalene such golden hair!"

"Was she so beautiful?"

"That I was afraid of her!"

"Afraid—you jest."

"Not so! There was about her a sort of superb divinity of purity and touch-me-not that I just let her alone! I am not at the best very susceptible—but if I ever could love—I could have loved her; for two or three times I saw her and a few words passed. But I might as well have fallen in love with the moon. So I admired her as I do the moon and let her shine on in her glory. But I confess I marveled that a turnkey's daughter should look so like a queen's daughter—meaning no offence to the feminine portion of the model family of the Windsor household. But, presto! one night she disappeared out of the window of her room, and I suppose some lover was in the affair; for young maids don't generally jump out of windows unless they are sure there is a pair of outstretched arms and a true heart between the window sill and the brick-bats below!"

"My cousin, will you be serious. You are said to have eloped with her!"

"Yes. So I have been told. Even the bull-headed father (can pearls come forth of clams?) charged me with the carrying away his child!"

"And you did not!"

"No, Sir Paul."

"Upon you honor!"

"Upon my sacred honor! I knew nothing of the matter! That very night I was out secretly. But as you are interested in the matter, I will reveal to you that a nobleman now in prison, my friend, had begged me to give him an opportunity to visit his wife and children. I consented. We left the tower secretly together, and he passed the night and the following day beneath his own roof, returning with me at break of day the second morning. In the interim the young girl vanished, and the father had nearly taken my life in his rage. But I am innocent as the babe unborn, Sir Paul. But why this interest in her?"

"Her—her mother was one of our tenants! She has friends who care for her," answered the baronet evasively. "Have you any idea where she is?"

"None on earth!"

The baronet, now completely at fault, for a time gave up the hope of finding her, and as some diversion to his thoughts gave himself up to gaming, passing his time for the next seven weeks, (up to the day our first chapter begins) at De Fretti's.

In our next chapter we will draw aside the vail of mystery which the baronet could not penetrate.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE STEP-FATHER IN THE TOWER.

In order to clear up the mystery which envelopes the flight of the beautiful Kate Hinchcliff from the Tower, it is necessary that the reader goes back with us to the time when she was a pupil at the French boarding-school, from which at the age of eighteen her step-father removed her to his apartments in the Tower; a course sufficiently imprudent, but dictated by his vanity. Proud of her beauty and accomplishments, he felt like exhibiting his treasure to the world; like the Persian who, having found a bird with wings set with emeralds, and diamonds for eyes, took it into the bazaar to gratify his personal vanity with other men's envy; when a thief robbed him of it, and left him in despair. If John Hinchcliff had read this fable he would have reflected awhile before letting his vanity get the better of his discretion.

But the mischief had been done, however, before the maiden came to the Tower. The robber of the emerald bird had seen it and coveted it before its owner displayed it in the bazaar.

On the evening of the day on which the fair Kate was eighteen, Madame, the head of the school, honored the occasion with a little *fete*, quite in the French way; for the lovely English girl (whose history no one knew, save that the bills were duly paid on presentation) was a favorite with all within its walls.

Madame, to give *eclat* to the *fete*, had invited some of her friends, and among them two or three French exiles, who were residing not far distant.

Among the male guests—the French exiles—the immaculate Bonopartists, was a young man, quiet in his manners, well-dressed, without expensive display, silent and rather sad; with dark hair, a pale cheek, an unexceptional moustache, *a la huzzar*, and pale blue eyes, with rather an introverted expression, as if he looked more within than without—eyes that seemed indolent, and yet evidently concealed hidden fire, which circumstances might make appear. His whole appearance was that of a man of conscious power, but who had no cause for exerting it, and showing the man within. His smile, when he did smile, which was seldom, was very brilliant and attractive. He had just arrived, and been for some minutes conversing with madame, or rather she with him, by a table in the arbor of the garden, where the fete was held, when Catharine Pauline Varney, for such was the name her mother had given her, refusing to the last to recognize that of Hinchcliff, appeared with two girls enfolding their arms around her.

"Who is that?" demanded the young exile, with animation, his heavily-lidded eyes sparkling with unwonted brilliancy, as he regarded the charming maiden, who was distinguished by a crown of white roses.

"It is the queen of the fete, Mam'selle Varney! Let me present, Monsieur! Ma chere fille," she added, addressing Kate, who, on seeing the stranger, was turning to go away, "come hither!"

The maiden blushingly advanced. She had been presented to the other emigres without evincing any emotion. Why does she blush now? Is it that fate gives her an instinctive prophecy that her future is to be identified from that moment with that of his! Her blushes hightened her beauty, extraordinary at all times.

"Monsieur Count de Bienville, Mam'selle!"

The count bowed with grace, and yet with a slight hauteur, which was perhaps a part of his character, and which even before one to whom he evidently wished to appear to advantage, he could not wholly divest himself of.

The maiden curtesied, with downcast eyes. The other girls, though very handsome, did not draw a second look from the young Frenchman. At a sign from madame she took a seat. He commenced at once a conversation with her in French, and when he found, from her reply, that she spoke it perfectly, he looked pleased.

"Mademoiselle ought to be Parisienne, she speaks so purely the best French," he said. "You have been in France?"

"Non, Monsieur!"

"No? You should visit Paris!"

"I have a great desire to do so," she answered, with self-possession.

"There is no place like Paris, mademoiselle. It is the earth's heart! It is the brain of the world! It is the only garden of Eden the globe holds!"

"Dear, delightful Paris!" exclaimed madame, with a sigh. "I shall never see it more! The republic exists! I can never see Paris unless the Court revives. Bah! there can be no Court in a villain republique!"

"Do not be angry, madame," said the count, with a smile. "Republics are the foundations of monarchies. Mark me! Upon the present republic will be erected an empire ere you or I are many years older."

"And who the emperor?"

"That is in the secret of the future," he answered; "but with the time will come the man."

He continued for a few moments to speak so well, so sensitively, and in such a striking manner of the destinies of France that Catherine Varney, herself possessing a mind of great intelligence, could not but listen with admiration, stealing from time to time glances at his finely animated face. When at length he turned his conversation to her, as madame was called away, he so captivated her by his attractive manner of speaking, as well as by the originality and beauty of his thoughts, that she for the first moment in her life felt that sensation of a desire (which is an instinct in woman, and the germ out of which grows love) to lean upon such a strong mind, and be loved by such a manly and strong heart. Woman, like the sun-flower ever facing the sun, turns towards man as her sun—as the God of her heart's dependence. As it is the glory of the morn to look ever to the sun for her borrowed splendor, so it is the glory of woman to derive all her heart's light from the eye of man! Catherine Varney felt in the presence of this intelligent and animated foreigner a strange happiness flowing into her heart.

Was he conscious of the effect he was producing? Aware of his power was he—seeking to fascinate and bewilder until he could capture the heart that his presence had set to fluttering with delightful fears and sweet hopes—till then a stranger to it!

After they had been conversing half an hour, he proposed that they should go and visit a night-blooming cerea, which he said he heard was about to bloom.

"I have never seen one of them put out," he added; "and as I am told they bloom but once in a year, and while in existence surpass all other floral wonders in splendor and beauty, I have a desire to see this, as it is opening."

It was just twilight. The moonlight softly flecked the sward, shining through the leaves of the over-arching foliage.

The flower was at some distance at the extremity of the avenue. As they walked they talked, and with consummate art and feeling he cast the golden meshes of his chosen words and tender sentiments about her heart. Their step grew slower! As she listened his voice grew lower! Her head was bent gently towards his lips, and her color went and came as never before.

Men of the world, who have had conquests in that "field of the cloth of gold," the heart of a virgin, know the vantage points, and are skilled knights in that delicious tournament where the lances are feathered from cupid's wings. A man of the world, by the side of a blushing girl, in whose bosom he is the first to awaken emotions, knows his power. She is as a bird over which the fowler is casting his net. It is only sight of the danger and an escape which makes her guarded, then when the fowler is again near, she remembers that he carries nets and snares.

The fair Catherine, simple bird, had never before met a fowler. She had never seen a snare, and had no suspicion that it was dangerous to be nigh his path. Her very trustfulness—the sweet abandon of unsuspecting innocence—showed the young foreigner that the young girl had never yet been affrighted by love—that the placid lake of her soul was unruffled and virgin to the lightest zephyr of passion.

As they advanced conversing, he saw that many persons were gathered about the flower, and said—

"Let us turn aside, and not join them. I prefer your society, mademoiselle, to the fairest flower that ever bloomed in Paradise!"

She did not refuse. Already he led her captive at his will. For an hour (it seemed but a few moments to her) they were alone, seated in a retired part of the garden! At length voices were heard calling for her. She obeyed them and rose to go, blushing. He pressed her to his heart—their lips met—their hearts were one! She who had left the presence of madame a young girl, ignorant that she had a heart, returned to it, feeling that a heart was all the world—that life were darkness but for love.

A passion thus born by degrees grew from day to day. Secret interviews were obtained. Catherine felt that life, without the presence of her lover, was a wearisome existence. At length one day the count, who had sought an interview with madame, said—

"And only a cottager's daughter?"

"No more! I have seen her father! He is a man of the bourgeois class—heavy and gross!

"He cannot then be her father. If I know anything of blood, she is a thorough-bred woman!

Madame shrugged her shoulders.

"He is a turnkey in the Tower of London!"

"She is the loveliest maiden I have seen in England."

"And very sensible and strong-minded, and a great deal of intelligence and spirit. Lovely as she is, if she is offended, her eye flashes like a falcon's, and her head is carried in her anger like that of an empress. Ma foi! It is sublime to see her insulted!"

"And who has insulted her?"

"One of the girls—a countess's daughter—a plain creature—wholly from envy. She called her a plebeian."

"I wonder you took her into your school?"

"Which—the countess's?"

"No—this beautiful plebeian."

"Our French schools here in England don't know the distinctions, and don't notice them so much as these servile English teachers do. All the same to us, so that they pay the bills, and this very countess has not paid her daughter's for a year past. But mam'selle is going to her father."

"When?" asked the lover, with a start of surprise.

"Next Monday. He comes for her."

"To take her whither?"

"I know not—perhaps to his Tower."

Parbleu! It will be keeping her in a cage. I must try and prevent it."

"Monsieur will not make her miserable?"

"No;" and he colored with a look of guilt.

"I know Monsieur le comte will not marry her."

"Madame, adieu," said the count, coldly, rising and bowing, as he took his leave.

The next week Catherine left the "Pension Francaise" under the care of her step-father, the turnkey, whom she believed to be her own father, and whose continued devotion and kindness to her, from a child, had made her love him, although it was with something of a fear; for nature, when it hears not the true echo of its filial voice from a true father's heart, feels that something (it knows not what) is lacking. So Catherine's heart always kept something back. It did not all and wholly go out to him—did not fully return his affection; for his to her was false—was not and could not be a father's love, however closely it imitated it. Such a tie, therefore, as existed between them, being rotten on one side, could be easily sundered.

Hinchcliff had a hard struggle with himself. He felt that he was in a false position with reference to the beautiful and intelligent, and high-blooded girl he claimed to be his child. He could not bend to her—no! she was the daughter of a man he hated, and of a woman he had for twelve years detested. He could not, by confessing her a superior, thus do homage to two persons he abhorred from the ground of his revengeful heart. The result was, that he began secretly to dislike her. He feared her ridicule when he spoke, for he knew he was a poor grammarian, and that his ideas were not as refined as they might be. But she had never given him cause for offence. She tried to temper her superiority by humility; but one might as well hide a candle in a glass lantern, as for her superiority not to shine forth constantly in the obscurity of his presence. So he went less and less frequently to her room, grew morose and gloomy, and finally could not speak to her kindly. The result was a gradual estrangement; for as there was nothing in Hinchcliff to love save his love for her, when this ceased, her love fell back into her own bosom. So there are vines in the tropics which, when the column around which they have folded themselves is taken away, entwine themselves about their own stem, and seek to clasp their tendrils about their own roots.

Who then shall be surprised that with joy she opened a furtively received note (for love laughs at turnkeys and tower walls) sent to her by the Count de Bienville. It breathed devotion—love—passion. It was like a ray of sunshine amid her heart's desolation and loneliness; for the presence of her step-father, when, at intervals of two or three days, he visited her, had become painful to her; besides, he had seen young Captain Henley speaking with her at her door, as she was watering her plants, and this more than once, the result of which was that he sharply reproved her and removed her plants, and forbid her to appear at the door.

But little did Catherine care for the young officer. The reader is already aware that his attentions were received coldly, and that he soon gave up all idea of assailing a citadel which seemed to constructed of ice, like a Russian palace. But the bitterness and severity of her step-father's language—the names which he, in his jealous anger, cast upon her—severed, as with the shears of Fate, all love for him. In anger and tears she rose and left him in her room, and only escaped his infuriated grasp by locking her inner door, saying, as she fled, to herself—

"*Can* that man be my father?"

Whether he heard the words or not we know not; but ere her door was quite closed and locked, she heard his deep, fierce voice say, with an oath—

"One might know she was an accursed aristocrat's brat, and no child of mine!" and he added, as he turned away—"Her eyes flashed with all the anger of the Varneys! I might as well tame a young eagle in a chicken coop as one of her race. She's getting beyond me. But I'll tame her in, or she——"

He was interrupted by a call to open the gate to a company of visitors. With these was the Count de Bienville, disguised as a hackney coachman, who asked humbly permission, while his "fare" was looking about, to be permitted to stare around in the outer court of the Tower.

The lover made use of his opportunity to good purpose. He managed, as he walked round, to get a view of Catherine's window, for she had written him its situation in one of her notes. He saw her at the window. She was pale and in tears. She did not suspect, in the roughly attired and bewhiskered hackman, the presence of him, whom at that moment she was wistfully thinking of. He managed to give her a signal which drew her attention. She saw him place a note in a crevice near the gate, between two stones. At length, she wholly unsuspicious that it was the count, he departed with the persons he had brought. She waited patiently for night to go and obtain the billet, which her heart told her was from her lover, now a thousand times dearer to her than before.

But just at twilight, as she was opening her door to go out, her step-father stood before it.

"Where now?" he asked, angrily. "Go back! You shall not leave your room without my permission. And he rudely thrust her in again. He followed her into the room, up and down which she paced like an angry leopardess.

"What means this conduct?" she said, haughtily.

"St—st, madame. You might as well be calm. You're getting too frisky. I mean to tame you. The law will be on my side."

"The law, sir? What has law to do?"

"A great deal, if you knew all. But I won't mortify you. I'll not be cruel. Come, Kate, you might as well get off that high fence, and walk down in the lane, like humble people."

"I overheard, as you went out to-day, a few words that have rung in my ears. What did they mean?"

"Oh—nothing, child, nothing. If I should tell you, you would be too much ashamed to hold up your proud little head. But if you'll behave yourself like a lady—but that you are doing too much of now—but like a sensible young woman—I won't humiliate you."

"Father—sir—John Hinchcliff—what fearful mystery do you mock me with? You said to-day, if I understood you well, that I was an aristocrat's brat. What meant you?"

"Nothing—nothing—just nothing at all."

"You did! There is something in me that says I am not your child! Your late behavior almost convinces me of it! You have never satisfied me about my mother!"

"If I did, you wouldn't thank me!"

"Do not torture me with that bitter smile! What of her? Were you not married to her? I can think of nothing else horrible that your dark words convey."

"Oh, yes," answered Hinchcliff, laughing. "So far as that goes, I was lawfully married to her."

"What then! I see a deep, significant, and evil meaning in your eyes."

"What would you say, Madam Proud, if I should tell you that you were *not* my daughter?"

"I should, as I now feel towards you, go down on my knees, and thank God for the news!"

"But suppose!" he cried, with concentrated rage in his voice, while his eyes glared upon her like a wild boar's, "that I should tell you that you were not born in wedlock at all!"

She started as if stung. Then, with a spirit in her eye before which his own quailed, like a craven wretch as he was, she answered, and her voice rung like a silver battle-trumpet—

"I would then thank God, so that I were certain *thou* wert not my father!"

"I *am* not; and with such a devil as is in you, it is fortunate for me that I am not! Your real father was never married to your mother!"

She gasped! She became deadly pale! She caught at a chair to support herself. There was a dignity and grief and shame all blended in her beautiful aspect.

"Sir, you have pierced my heart! But deep as the wound is, with the pain you have administered a healing power, in saying that you are not my father. This gives me courage. I will not ask you to swear that I am an illegitimate child, for fear you will refuse the oath, and say you told me so to humble me. I do not wish it unsaid. I am willing to embrace this infamy so I am not your child—a greater infamy still to bear. Leave me, sir!"

He regarded her for a few seconds in amazement, and then obeyed the voice and eye which he dared not encounter. The result had been different from what he had anticipated. He had not intended thus to deprive himself of his power and right over her, by unfolding to her the secret of her birth.

"But she compelled me to it. She made me so enraged with her pride and haughtiness. Well—she shall now be my prisoner till she is humbled. The law will sustain me. The law believes her to be my child. Not Sir Paul Varney, her father, should he come back, could get her out of my power. And, so help me Heaven! I will make her suffer; and through her avenge myself on her father and her mother. The girl has for a month past suspected I was not her father!"

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

PRIDE AND VANITY.—No two qualities in the human mind are more essentially different, though often confounded, than pride and vanity; the proud man entertains the highest opinion of himself; the vain man only strives to infuse such an opinion into the minds of others; the proud man thinks admiration his due; the vain man is satisfied if he can but obtain it; pride, by stateliness, demands respect; vanity, by little artifices, solicits applause; pride, therefore, makes men disagreeable, and vanity, ridiculous.

SINGULAR TREE.—In the Island of Goa, near Bombay, there is a singular vegetable, called "the sorrowful tree," because it only flourishes in the night. At sunset no flowers are to be seen, and yet after half an hour it is full of them. They yield a sweet smell, but the sun no sooner begins to shine upon them than some of them fall off, and others close up; and others continue flowering in the night during the whole year.

THOUGH reading and conversation may furnish us with many ideas of men and things, yet it is our own meditation that must form our judgment.

A FRAGMENT.

BY ELLEN M. HUNTER.

"At last I see the vesper star
Call me, across that dim gulf,
And, while I hear thee singing,
I will forget the cruised years
That have been between us, my boy:
In thy deep eyes singing."

"I hear an obscurer, hollower
But prouder hint still sing as well."
The restless plashing of water;
Then only heard her graceful head,
Like a white lily, bowed
To the sudden breeze that swept.

He heard the low, mournful roar,
But paused, and left the word unsaid—
And left, unthought-or-known,
Waves earth and air awaken keen,
And with the nightingale was heard
A fairy boat-song's firmness.

"Dear night. Voluptuous moan sighed,
And with the nightingale's low song
Mingled the wind's soft sighing.
Around a fleecy cloud-pavilion,
But darkness—misery, pain, and sickness—
Gained on her cheek the sharp growing.

"If I were holier!" he said—
Then hurried where the cruised rock rid
Flashed its bewildering brightness,
And with dishevelled locks, and restless eye,
And heart where feverish fires burned high,
Spoke words of earth and lightness.

Vain was her rude, her beauty's spoil—
The thought, "If I were holier,"
Writhed in his bosom's sadness;
And on the cruised rock, alone,
That thought left behind, passed away
Her form indeed in his memories.

Oft all alone by night he'd rave
By Isabel's ever-grave,
And waste his tears above her
And when the nightingale was heard
He'd smile, listening to the bird,
"He is the bird's lover!"

Ah—though his story's end is long,
Though it awakens the sigh and tear,
And makes the spirit fitter—
Here many hearts may find a moral well
The thought—"If were Isabel—
She smiled down in the wise!"

THE PIONEER PATRIOT;

OR,

THE MAID OF THE WAR-PATH.

A STORY OF THE MOHAWK VALLEY DURING THE REVOLUTION.

BY ANNA M. CORA, JR.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by HARPER BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

CHAPTER XXXV.

AN INTERRUPTED WEDDING.—THE SHEIK'S HOUSE.

The final day had arrived, and Isabel Carlton stood by the side of the man to whom her father had pledged her, and about set the company which had assembled to witness the nuptials, among these Philip's enemy, who, hurried by his restless disposition for safety, had determined to be present at the wedding, and had the night before visited Isabel in her room, and heard her solemn avowal of her determination to wed Guy Bradbrook, in accordance with her pledge to her dying father. We say Philip hurried on this disguise as Kendrick's designs for safety; but, alas for human precautions, it had been perceived; and he was known to his lifetime foe, who had laid a secret plan for his speedy death.

The minister commences the ceremony; but on the next instant Guy Bradbrook uttered a quick, thrilling cry of agony—a wild, agonized death-shriek, which, mingling with it, came the sharp crack of a rifle!

Guy Bradbrook clapped both hands to his bosom, where he felt a hot, burning sensation of pain, and staggered back.

"I am shot!" he gasped, in terror-stricken tones. "Killed! killed! Ron! Satan the villain! Treason! Let him not escape! I saw him at first! Oh, my God! what a terrible look he gave me!"

Pale and frightened the poor bride sprang from the death-stricken man, and would have sunk down to the floor had not stout arms supported her. She felt the embrace, and when she was aware of it was the eager, passionate, hopeful glance of Philip Lacey. The dignified youth had come to the rescue the instant he saw Guy stagger back, and feeling assured that his assumed character was yet safe, he hoped he might get Isabel away from the confusion it was over.

Half-a-dozen men had leaped from the open window in pursuit of the murderer, while the others were crowding about the spot where the wife of Guy held his dying son in his arms; and amid the excitement of the time Philip raised the fainting maiden in his arms.

"Isabel," he whispered, "will you go with me now?"

"Yes! Oh! save me!"

The young lover had borne his burden across the room to the door, when Nathan Bradbrook suddenly sprang from his son's side, exclaiming as he did so—

"Where is the Indian! Satan him! Bind him! Quick! Let him not escape!"

Three of the men who had been appointed for the purpose were at hand, and Philip could not reach the hall he was stopped—the sachlet snatched from him—and he thrown down on a bench. He struggled some, but the attack had been so sudden, and the bonds were so handy, that his feet and hands were firmly bound ashes. Then he could realize how it had happened. When he was thus bound the three men laid him upon the bench, and stood watch over him; while Isabel was borne to the apartment by Rachel Dowder and one of the bridesmaids.

Meanwhile, Guy had been raised to a large settee, and, amid the clothing he wielded two bullets. One he left breast, directly above the heart, was a red spot, from which trickled two drops of blood—only two! It seemed but a small puncture—not unlike a pin-prick; but when those who stood around saw where it was they knew the heart was reached! As the clothing was torn wholly off, something dropped from the back, and a trickling stream of blood followed it. The clergyman and others picked it up, and it was a leaden ring—a cone-shaped missile, with the apex tapering and sharp, though now slightly bent from its contact with some bone.

At this moment, one of the men who had gone in pursuit of Rodon rushed into the room, and in his hand he bore a piece of paper. It was nearly covered with rough, uncouth characters, which seemed to have been written with an old pen, and the juice of some dark berry.

Nathan Bradbrook's look the paper in his trembling grasp, and read as follows:—

"I have a dog made from the heart of a snake-bird which a council-chief struck me with, and it is for the heart of him who has had me like a dog, and who would have ruined the wife I have taken that is of such lands! To-morrow my revenge, and to save my wife, I send death to the soldier of the enemies when he expects a safety of his own!

"What is it?" asked Guy, in a gasping, hollow tone.

"It is only an insulting thing from Beebe, telling how he kills you out of revenge."

"Revenge!" whispered the dying man. "Let me see it!" he cried, starting up with a sudden effort. He grasped the paper, but he could not read. His eye turned pale, and the light grew dim, and with the sudden still clinched in his fingers, he sank back.

The wounds had come with the bandages, and the old man raised him up again, but it was vain to be of no avail.

"*His revenge! His wife!*" shrieked Guy, in sharp, eagle-like notes. "I never did it! Curses on her! *Edwina!—Edwina!*" he added, in a shaking whisper. "Where are you? You must not tell your husband! Where are you? *Come! The last supply! Edwina!* Curses on the——"

He spoke no more! He turned heavily upon his side as though to ease the sharp pain at his back, and he so did in the lamp of life went out.

The minister, who had come to say the final rite—"Live, and may God bless you in your new estate!" now folded his hands above the lifeless form, and said instead—

"*God have mercy on his soul!*"

* * * * *

Full of wrath and revenge, Nathan Bradbrook quitted the corpse of his son, to set in judgment on Philip Lancey. A mock-court was soon organized; and the old man, acting as accuser, witness and judge, added to the list of Philip's sympathizers who were all bitter enemies of the gallant prisoner—condemned Philip to be hung as a spy and a traitor; and his inexorable and blood-thirsty judge ordered the sentence to be carried out on the spot.

Upon one of the tall linden trees in front of the Bradbrook mansion, where a stout limb grew out over the yard, a noose was placed, and as the last limb was fixed a rope upon the hanging end of which was a slip-noose, while directly beneath it was a cart! The prisoner saw the terrible arrangement, and his heart sank like lead in his bosom.

"My soul! Oh! they cannot do this!" he groaned, in bitterest agony.

"What do they do with spies—especially spies who have delivered up whole companies to the enemy—when they find 'em in the rebel patriots' forts?" asked one of his guards, very quietly, and significantly.

Philip felt the whole force of the question. It silenced him at once; and had he been tried in a decent manner he might at least have escaped with to be hurried away to an ignominious death in such a manner; and by such a miserable, cruel and terrible beyond conception. Nor was that all. Guy's death had left Isabel free! Oh! how that one thought had thrilled through his soul. But now—now! alas, too late!

He reached the cart, and as he placed his foot upon the first step a sharp, wild cry of agony broke through the air. It was a woman's voice, and instant to the point where the cry had come, and the new Isabel at her window just shrieking, faint and lifeless, into the arms of old Phillis!

That was the most terrible hour of all!

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE SHEIK'S HOUSE.

No one would have supposed—few would have believed—that Nathan Bradbrook had just lost his son—an only child—by a sudden stroke of death. His voice arose above all others in brutal and obscene speech, and his flushed face was stamped with fiendish exultation, as he witnessed the terrible agony which Phillip could no longer conceal.

"I wish somebody would go up and make that girl scream!" said he, in jest that was cruel, and with a wicked leer at the prisoner.

But the young patriot answered him only with a look of pity and scorn.

"Are you ready for the rope?" the old wretch exclaimed. "Come, you dog of a rebel! up into the cart with you!"

Philip had again placed his foot upon the step, when another sound broke upon the air. It was the frantic shrieks of Isabel, who had come under the way in front of the house. They were not far off, but the hapless maiden's cry was piercing, and with a wicked leer at the prisoner.

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"A party from the harvest to witness the marriage!" said the minister.

"Never mind—up with the rebel dog!" shouted Bradbrook.

But the rebel dog went no higher up then!

At that moment a horseman dashed around the corner of the house. It was a young man, with arms and rounded bulk. He saw the startling position of things before him, and with a mighty shout he dashed forward. Like a winged meteor the foam-covered steed came crashing over every obstacle, and when he reached the cart the rider leaped from his saddle, knocked the black-robed priest one way, and Nathan Bradbrook another, and in a moment more he had cut the cord that bound Philip's arms, and placed a heavy sword in his hands.

For a few seconds there that stood around were so utterly astounded that they were unable to act; but by the time they had recovered their presence of mind the combatants could have the field to themselves—dashing up to the spot.

"Mark, lad; Guy Ron, ye!" the faithful Jocko cried, as he heard the coming of his comrades.

"Not a particle, good, noble Jocko!" our hero returned, grasping the negro by the hand.

"Don you am safe! Hi-yah-yah!"

As the noble fellow thus spoke, Captain Grover, at the head of thirty stout men, reached the side of the mound on.

"Dismount! Seize every one of them!" the Patriot captain shouted.

He was obeyed at once, and ere many minutes the work was accomplished. The excitement, and the confusion, and the shouting had brought a crowd to render the Tories incapable of defence. And then they were almost entirely unarmed—only a few of the servants, who dared not take the responsibility of commencing a battle with such odds. The "commandant," Nathan Bradbrook, Esquire, had buckled on his sword previous to presiding at the trial, but he dared not draw it.

As soon as every man of the murderous gang had been secured, Philip requested permission of Captain Grover to retire into the house for a short time, which was readily granted.

After our hero was gone, Captain Grover turned to where the prisoners were standing.

"What do you mean to do with me, sir?" demanded Bradbrook.

"I mean to clip your wings, sir!" replied the Patriot commander.

"What, sir! Keep me a prisoner, do you mean?"

"Exactly."

"But I have a dead son lying in my house!"

"And another man—a better man than you—came nigh having a dead son hanging by one of your trees!"

"But you've no business to take a common citizen from his own house!"

"Are you not an officer under the king?"

"Not in service now."

"And I. Then you are a murderer!"

"A murderer! What do you mean?"

"I mean that you were about to murder Philip Lancey!"

"But—but—he is a spy."

"That you had no right to meddle with him, if he be a spy!"

"He is a traitor of my office."

"Ha, ha, ha,—so I thought. I had you can speak the truth when you can against it in the dark! Aye, sir—*by right of your office!* I find you in the very act of executing one of the highest prerogatives of royalty, without a military station, and hence I take you my prisoner, and hence shall you be kept!"

"But my dead son. You would not force me from him!"

"The only condition upon which you can remain is that you furnish me a hostage who holds as high a station as you hold now!"

"But—but—that is impossible."

"Then I am compelled to order for you to be left. But hark ye: I shall leave enough of private friends here to see that your property, and with all due solemnity."

Nathan Isabel-next opened her eyes with some and reason, after her frightful sorrow, on old Phillis' last voice had struck as awakening cord in her heart. She opened her eyes, and the fond, old, old look of Philip Lancey!

"Isabel—Isabel! My dearest soul, all is safe! I am saved, darling! I am saved! Look up—look up, Isabel, and thank God for it!"

Wildly and strangely the awakened girl gazed upon her lover, and then she pressed her hands upon her eyes.

"Oh! what horrible dream was that! Philip! Oh! I have not lost the hand of Isabel Carlton within his own, and gazed into his beautiful face—how now flushed with health and joyful hope.

"Isabel," he said, in a low, tremulous tone, made so by the strange emotions that were struggling back upon his mind, "the day of joy has come! Freedom to our country, and we are saved to us the last enemy of liberty either banished or dead! Oh, my dearest, forever! The hope we have looked for, so prayerfully awaited, and so fondly, wildly hoped for, is come. America is free, and we are free to wed, either in death. Oh, Isabel, I can ask for the hand you alone can give—the hand of her I have loved so long and so truly loved. Isabel, will you be my wife now?"

The maiden returned her lover's gaze; and while the warm, bright tears started out upon her silken lashes, she answered—

"Yes, yes, Philip, my beloved, yes!"

And while she sank upon his bosom, and he pressed her fondly about her, old Phillis, with her cry moved forward and laid his hands upon their heads. By reason of a great joy which upon the furrowed cheeks while he murmured—

"My bebbie, honored children, God bless you both, and make your last days as happy as your first are—as happy as mine must be while you are spared to me!"

And close by stood Jocko and Phillis—generous and faithful souls!—whose only desire was their wealth were so far as they were made of good to their master and mistress, and they stood, gazing upon the happy scene, and crying like two children!

THE END.

AN ESSAY IN PRAISE OF HUMBUG.

Mighty power! before whose shrine millions kneel, yet are indignant if taxed with their true title, we rise to sing thy secret influence. Thy rules over all arts, sciences, crafts, and callings, and is especially conspicuous in the world of men that we are compelled to bow before thee, then thanking, "Great humbug pride!" What shoulders live on thee who are ashamed of their benefactor, but whom in the end thy vengeance overtakes, and they perish and sink into the dust of their ingratitude. Thy gloved unto tone of thoughtfulness, and yet no one publicly abhors thee; thanks; in whatever act thee tickered, in advertisements of herbs—sufficient love on thee! in day thou displayest thyself in a picture, in poetry in a book, or art ready to show thyself in any nations uniform—thou art the same, and ever shalt be. Thou art ever willing to become a shareholder in any flourishing; and although thousands are made thee their access, yet none have ever had grumbling enough to propose thee a statue, or to offer thee even a paltry piece of marble, or even graven with thy "good name." Thy offerings are not like those of kings, who are remembered for thee; they call thee Honesty, and Honor, Generosity, and Friendship, nickname thee Service, and Love, and are thy useful abilities, to-day praised, to-morrow cursed by thy most sincere friend, and even that thou art Humbug alone—great, powerful, and worthy of a million monuments, most deservedly humbug, art never but a humbug, and hast enough to take off their hats, and shake hands with thee in open squares and long streets, and welcome thee by thy own truenamer, most mighty Humbug! Most sweet mother of every human stillness, sufferer down of hard words, bliss-bringer of open trust, stiller of stormy passions, refuge of the unfortunate, and sweet hope of the great, merchant of masks, standout of all belles, under author of falsehoods, universal pleaser, delicious compound of all damnabilities, we drink to thee, and thank thee for thy blessing! Mightest and most agreeable of all powers! Thou art sensible dost thou endeavor to appear; looking over prying, and thou art sensible of the murderer of false carts, or carried a summer bloom on thy cheeks, feeling upon thy cheeks, thou dost reprieve of force! Youth thrusts himself into enterprise-pocket of thee, and thou hast a bubble-shining with his trippin-cord tone in the sound of thee; while fair maidens lay tightly, breathe thy words, and thou hast a thousand tongues. Thou art the great palace of concealm, the friend of concealment, the ready covering of the hypocrite, promoter of folly over wisdom, a lover of sound and a hater of sense. Eminent followest, accompanier over much, and ever shouting thy people's only friend, and avarice's faithful attendant. Thou pacifiest the world, and art the cause of all have died for their country's good, had they not thee? Thou didst reward thy servants with all they thought worth living for. Maker of many converts, backer of the humblest friend of petitioners, bravest of fiery formality, manager of marriages, deep digester of doubts, chief councillor of weapons, fountain of onion-eyed tears! no human train is large enough to contain a tithe of the remembrance of thy great qualities, most omnipotent Humbug!

Slavery is a sweet prerogative of the mind to think ill of all men, and afterwards to utter such sentiments in scandalous expressions.

IMPRUDENCE.

BY CLARA STREET.

We are too apt to invest all our happiness in one or two faculties, or in one or two classes of faculties. When disaster happens then we are utterly bankrupt, whereas, had we invested in each one of our faculties we might still go prosperously on when half, or more, of them had given out. To be of sense, and happy, is to be of large acquisitive, or the affectious, or the intellect, or even in the moral sentiments, is not enough. Two—nay age. A man should live in them all—in every part of himself; for, as he lives in one, he will be apt to lose. We were made with capacity to outside every storm of life. We have thirty six-digit and water-light compartments in our nature, and the part of those if the rock breaks and the seas flow, the rest will float us safely, that there is room for good condition.

Oh! that we might learn to *know ourselves*; and to be carry ourselves through life that we shall not set last have to be towed into port, a mastless and battered hulk, but go riding in triumphantly, as a ship so freighted should.

A COCKROACH IN TROUBLE.

Although cockroaches abound in inconceivably at the Mauritius, it is not without pity one sees them carried off, and in frequently are, to a boiling grave, by a wicked-looking insect much resembling a Spanish fly. It is impossible to witness his proceedings without feeling with the active, large and green drone, without imagining the elfish demon of a pantomime, and without thinking that he is a perpetual entertainment in classical convers. Let the cockroach be meeting nerve at the bottom the wall, he has no sooner caught sight of the final insect—not a quarter of his size—than all energy leaves him, and he stands stupidly rooted. The flyhies walks up to him, locks him hard in the face, and then waves his antennæ in a manner which stands him in place of a finger and thumb, deeply takes the measure of his victim's head with him dolefully along for a fork or two. Leaving him there, he commences a thorough examination of his victim's body, which he has turned up and down like a well-trained sailor, and, not finding what he wants, returns to the head, and begins to look on a little further, when the same process is gone through, sometimes for the whole of the wide wall has been examined. Chicks there are in plenty, but they do not suit him. He has taken the measure of the cockroach's head, and means to lodge him accommodiously. Presently a suitable hole is found, and he goes in backwards, and pulls the cockroach after him into his last home. What horrors are perpetrated in that hole we cannot be more than surmised. The object, undoubtedly, is to engage him as a wet nurse. No sooner is the egg deposited than the insect put out mind and eggs laid in—a purpose, indeed, for which the cockroach is admirably framed, being of great size, and possessing a thick skin, which even the sharpest sting of the fly-hies would be unable to pierce. The police of a stick is disregarded; he seems dead to all ideas; upon some stick is stood the roof of the wall, he swells there, with the same stolid indifference, like victims of the Inquisition. Probably a sly thrust is given him in the first meeting of fancies, or some "leprous disfigurement" dropped into his ear for he has entirely the air of being tortured.

PRESENT AND FUTURE.

The active and practical live most in the present. They do and think and feel for the hour. Failing to realize their visions and cogetres, the latter escape the present, and live in the future and idle discontent. They accuse what they call their evil fortune, their ill luck, never dreaming how much they are the artizers of both. Society is burthened with these malcontents, who are forever desiring of something else than what they have, and wishing they may "live suspiciously," and yet do nothing. Commonplace and monotony are their intellectual delights, and they endorse, without a dissenting thought, the saying of the world, that "a rolling stone gathers no moss."

Self, what thou hast, and give to the poor!"—rise include vagabond-dom, for who is poorer in every thing than he who has no home, no love, no ties, which teaches always the same lesson, might this be the tasks of life, that we should be content and to distrust the present—yet it does not, and age succeeding age finds the children of humanity still looking the present and gaping into the future—wondering instead of working, hoping instead of doing. And their successors will be in their progression in about the same; they drag on a barren existence, and when they are dead and buried, the very bad they been wind and lived in the present. It is well to look forward and to anticipate. For the truest and greatest of men have been content to accept life as it is, but to make it could shape it. They believed, like the poet, that—

"Life is real, life is earnest,"

and that the real and the earnest were scornful of the present—neither of tasteless, time, or means. Their eyes were fixed upon the future. He shapes his harbours and emigrants providentially for the coming days. His plans and prospects, firm-rooted in the present, are laid out in distant views. And his thoughts, oh, while they are buried in the present, are yet ever in the contemplation of temporal life, they also reach forward, enveloping the future, and take hold of eternity. In the true man finds his mind and heart occupied with both the present and the future, perhaps, more than even the traitors ground to the true uses of the present. And those who are ever of the present, and not forward, why do we not all consult it? Why build Utopias and dream our fairy-land paradises?—why dwell in clouds of fancy when we can be up and doing in the sensible of practice? *Now* is the golden moment for us to live in, here and hereafter, it but an eternal vow!

IDLENESS AND VICE.

Every one complains of vice or in vice, are not so powerful of imitation as might at first be supposed. The fact is, there are hundreds that want energy for one that wants ambition, and such has prevented as many vices in some minds as virtues in others. Idleness is the great Pacific Ocean of life, and to that stagnant abyss the most salutary things produce no good, the most noxious no evil. Vice, indeed, abstractedly considered, may be, and often is, engendered in idleness, but the moment it becomes efficiently vice, it must quit its cradle and come to be idle.

THE BACKWOODSMAN'S FIRST LOVE.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

It was during the early settlement of the northern counties of Virginia, a few years anterior to the American Revolution, that a young man—perhaps we should rather say boy, for he was only scarcely turned of sixteen—stood leaning against a large, old tree, in front of a dwelling of better exterior than was common in that day, and in that section of country. The youth was tall, gaunt, bony and muscular—with black hair, black eyes, and strongly-marked features—the whole countenance even then being expressive of the bold, resolute, daunchless and vindictive spirit which was subsequently destined to make his name so famous upon the western borders.

It was a clear, cold, but pleasant autumnal night, and the fair moon, riding high in the heavens, poured down her silvery light through the clear, frosty air, casting deep shadows here and there, and giving to the whole surround a picturesque variation. The youth was not scarcely clad, but he seemed not to feel the cold, as he stood with folded arms, leaning against the tree, his eyes riveted upon the lighted window of the dwelling before him, whence a low sound of voices, occasionally mingled with a merry, ringing laugh, reached his eager ear. Could his face at that moment have been clearly seen, it would have shown a contracted brow, compressed lips, and a somewhat pale and hard countenance of the eye, which seemed to bode no good to whomever object had caused his withdrawal.

The evening were away, the hour grew late, but still the youth stood in the self-same position, save for the brief moments of his position, or movement of a single muscle of his stern features. At length the outer door of the dwelling opened, and the figure appeared—a youth and a maiden, both finely proportioned by the light behind. For a few moments they stood conversing in low tones, when the clear, musical voice of the maiden was heard to say:

"Good night, Harry, and let it not be long ere I see you again."

"Good night, my fair Rose," was the rejoinder, "and happy dreams to you."

Then the maiden bent "good night," from the one addressed as Rose, and then the speaker turned, the door closed, and the light was shut out, leaving only, in an apparently motionless mood.

As he was about to disappear among the surrounding trees, the youth, who had seen him leave upon the watch, suddenly started from his listless attitude, and, clutching his hands nervously, as if he had some hated object within their grasp, he took two or three hasty strides towards the external figure, apparently with the intention of overtaking and calling him to a strict account; but suddenly, as if actuated by another thought, he stopped, turned quickly on his heel, and the next moment reached the door of the dwelling, upon which he rapped with a kind of impatient haste. His summons was answered by a colored female, who, on seeing him, exclaimed:

"Why, Marse Simon, dat you?"

"I want to see Rose Walton," said the young man, coolly. He then added, as the woman fled for a moment, and the other added: "Go and tell her she must be quick about it, if you don't want to get yourself into trouble!"

As the black was turning away in consternation at her message, the person inquired for made her appearance. She was a fine, comely lass of seventeen, with fair face and bright eyes, and a graceful appearance exceedingly captivating.

"Why, Simon," she said, in a tone of surprise, "methinks your visit is rather late?"

"I'm aware," replied the youth, in a tone of bitterness, "but Rose Walton would rather I'd stay away altogether."

"Then why do you come at all?" was the quick rejoinder.

"That's my business," answered Simon, in a cruel, surly tone.

"Certainly," returned the maiden, rather haughtily; "it is your business, unquestionably; and as I don't appear to concern me, I will leave you to transact it with yourself."

She was about to turn back, and make her words good, when the youth suddenly changed his tone, hastily grasped her by the arm, and replied:

"Not so fast, my beauty! I've got a word to say to you!"

"Unhand me, sir!" cried Rose, indignantly—"or I will call for help!"

"You'd better call on your new love," sneered Simon.

"I will call on some one that will chastise your insolence!" she retorted.

"So thinks Rose," returned the youth; "I'm not just in the mood to bear 'em. I feel, just now, as if the devil was in me, and I'm ready to do or interfere now between us. I don't know what naught come on't. Rose, I've been a fool, a confirmed, passionate one!" I know I'm a big, ugly, awkward, uncultivated youth; but I love you dearly as well as others—for my position as well as others—and (integrating a wicked oath) I'll tell you what it is, Rose, you shall be mine, or no one shall! better take care! Rose, you know I love you—love you to madness; and, since you've compelled me to it, you know you can no expect that some day you'd be my wife; but, Rose, from some cause, you've treated me coldly—you've hardly spoke to me of—you haven't met me as you used to do—you seem to shun me, and I cannot, won't pinsont to you."

"I think you must be mistaken, Simon," returned the other, in a softened tone.

"No, I'm not mistaken, Rose!" the youth replied; "I know—I've seen it for myself. I'll tell you what the cause is of this change in you. You've got your fancy fixed on that young upstart from Scottie. You always had a liking for Harry Leitchlaw; and now that you find him returned, you've taken to study to drive me. But it won't do, Rose—I tell you it won't do! The man that dares to step between me and you had as well look out for his life! Rose, (with another wicked oath,) after he shall get you as my bride, I'll make a bonfire of his blood!"

"Why, Simon, don't speak in such a manner!" said the girl, in considerable alarm—"you terrify me!"

"Can't help it, Rose—you'll find it just as I say. But if I am, I've got the strength and passion of a man; and if I find I'm to be robbed with, the other shall serve me for a revenge that shall ring along the borders when you and me are dead and gone!"

"Why, Simon, what do you mean?" cried Rose Walton, growing more and more terrified at the wild passions of the other; "which she, for more caution—in quality a foolish vanity—had overlooked and thoughtlessly loaned into a flame that might now destroy her."

"I never heard you talk so strangely before!"

"Because I was never so certain I had cause," replied he. "For some time back I've suspicioned that something was wrong; I've kind of thought that Henry Leitchman was taking my place in your favor; and only yesterday I overheard him say as much to one of his friends. To-night I met him, and supplanting that he was coming here, I ran down back out of sight and followed him. Rose, for once a long hour I've been standing by that there old sycamore, watching the room where I knew you and Harry was. I could hear you talk, but I couldn't hear what you said; and I could hear you laugh, and that said pain enough that you was happy. I saw you both come to the door, and heard your tender 'good night;' and Rose, some dreadful wicked thoughts came over me then, and I started after Harry. If I had a fellow-feel bin, I don't know what naught have come on't—but I thought I'd come back and know what you had to say first. Now, tell me, Rose, and tell me truth—is you my gentle Leitchman to you?"

"Why, how can you ask such a question, Simon?" returned the girl, evasively, and slightly changing color.

"But I do ask it, Rose, and I want you to answer me!"

"Well, come in, then, a few minutes, and let us talk the matter over."

"No, Rose, I'll not come in to-night—you can answer that question where you are."

"Why, do you want me to flatter you to your face, and tell you that I like you the best?"

"No, I don't want any flattery—I've had enough of that—I've had too much of that. I just want you to be sincere, for once in your life—you've lied with me enough, Rose. You either like me the best, or you don't—you either prefer me to Harry Leitchman, or you don't—and I want to know which!"

"And can you for a moment suppose," said the girl, in a well, injured tone, "that I have flattered to you?"

"I judge more by your actions than your words, Rose."

"What do you assume me of prevarication?" she replied, with some spirit.

"And if I did, I reckon I'd hit pretty near the truth," he replied. "Rose, I must know one straight forward—are you ready to dismiss Leitchman, and say none to me but me?"

"Sir?" cried Rose, with a flash of indignation—"I think you forget that you are talking to the daughter of Colonel Walton. I will allow no one to question me as to whom I like or dislike! If my manners are displeasing to you, you certainly have the privilege of remaining away."

"But I can't remain away, Rose—you know that."

"Then take me as you find me, Simon, and be contented. I am not going to what I am something older than you—that I have a spirit which will not be dictated to by your caprice—and, least of all, by one younger than myself."

The youth's countenance longer the conversation was continued in much the same strain—the girl, with the cunning and skill of an accomplished coquette—the while preserving the appearance of being heart-heart—alternately smiling and tranquilizing the spirit of her rough, impetuous and half-savage admirer—playing upon his feelings as one plays upon the strings of an instrument of music, until the soft, sweet blandishments taming down his rough, fiery jealousies to gentle words; now running him down a too tender mood, and then anon rousing him to threatening and fearful.

At length the interview closed, and the youth retired from the unequal combat scarcely wiser than before. He was conscious that the maiden only knew with what he had to find fault. That the girl was intellectually his superior, he secretly admitted, and he consciously felt—and was conscious that she was a coquette, he was convinced; that she had been playing upon his feelings for her own fevered; that she was worthy of a true and honest affection, he seriously doubted; but that he loved her—wildly, wildly, madly—he was too certain for his own peace of mind.

With a determined, fiendish overruling upon his brain, not one of which he then felt himself competent to control, he hastened to the spot down a winding walk, and soon entered a rough, narrow road, which, after a few hundred yards, formed a junction therewith from one settlement to another. Mechanically he turned to the right, and, in a thoughtful, abstracted manner, he moved on for an hour, pursued his way through a thick, dark wood, barely able to see the moon and the light of the moon, which here and there seemed to struggle through the thick branches above, as the gigantic trees that lined his pathway on either side.

At length he entered a hollow, where an opening made by the moon's rays seemed more clear in the light of the moon more clearly, and there, seated upon a stone, he espied a human figure. The youth's glance seemed him that it was his rival, and the sight roused into activity all his jealous and evil disfire passions. The same wicked instinctive which he had experienced when first setting out to seek Leitchman, after his interview with Rose, now came over the youth with redoubled force, and he felt that the moon was favoring his design to them both.

Henry seemed not to hear the approach of Simon, but sat buried in a reverie, evidently induced by the soothing murmurs of the purling stream, and the sentiment awakened by the fascinating witchery of the fair girl with whom he had so recently parted.

For a few moments the youth seemed to hesitate, and then, advancing straight to the other, he said, in a gruff, surly tone:

"What are you doing here?"

The young man started, looked around, and, ascertaining who was his interrogator, replied—

"What is that to you, Simon? You are not my keeper!"

"It's a good deal to me, Leitchman, as I'm able to make you understand, keeper or no keeper!"

"Why, how now, Simon! You appear to be getting rather insulted for a trey!"

Many were the years the senior of Simon, and though not as tall, was more gracefully built, and more sinewy in person.

"Don't call me boy, Henry Leitchman!" cried Simon in a furious tone, striding up to the other with clenched hands, his whole sinewy frame fairly trembling with passion. "Don't call me boy again, or by Heaven I'll strike you as you sit!"

"Ney," said Henry, rising, "if that is your game, you'll find there are two that can play at it."

"Yes, much better than at t'other game," sneered Simon, "for two can't play there, and me be one of 'em!"

"What do you mean?" demanded Leitchman.

"Well, s'pose you try to guess," replied the youth; "and if you can't guess—if you haven't marked the object of his choice; but for many long years the wandering youth was honored with the thought that the bread of the murderer was upon him.

Years still rolled on, and the name of that boy grew famous upon the borders, and became a terror in the red men of the forest, who found in him their most bitter, vindictive, relentless and inveterate foe. His career, begun in blood, was traced in blood through a long period of time, and only ceased when the foot of his foe was removed from before the conquering march of their white invaders, or had found their final rest in the happy hunting-grounds of the Great Spirit.

Who that in sight familiar with the history of the early settlements of the Great West, is not familiar with the name of the heroic Lewis Wetzel, the dauntless, daring, exploring, and dreadful avenger of the wrongs of the border? Who that has ever known the cause which first led him to the wilderness, and driven him to a life of an outlaw and a hunted outcast?

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Not I, for I have not the time. Suffice it to say that Lewis Wetzel was a native of Virginia, and that he was born in the year 1763.

Wetzel's father was a native of Germany, and his mother was of Irish descent. Both were of humble parentage, and were blessed with a family of children, of whom Lewis was the eldest.

Lewis Wetzel's father was a farmer, and lived in the vicinity of Shepherdstown, on the Potomac river, in the county of Jefferson, Virginia. He was a man of strong mind, and was highly esteemed by his neighbors for his many excellent traits of character.

Lewis Wetzel's mother was a woman of strong mind, and was highly esteemed by her neighbors for her many excellent traits of character